HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 1669. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

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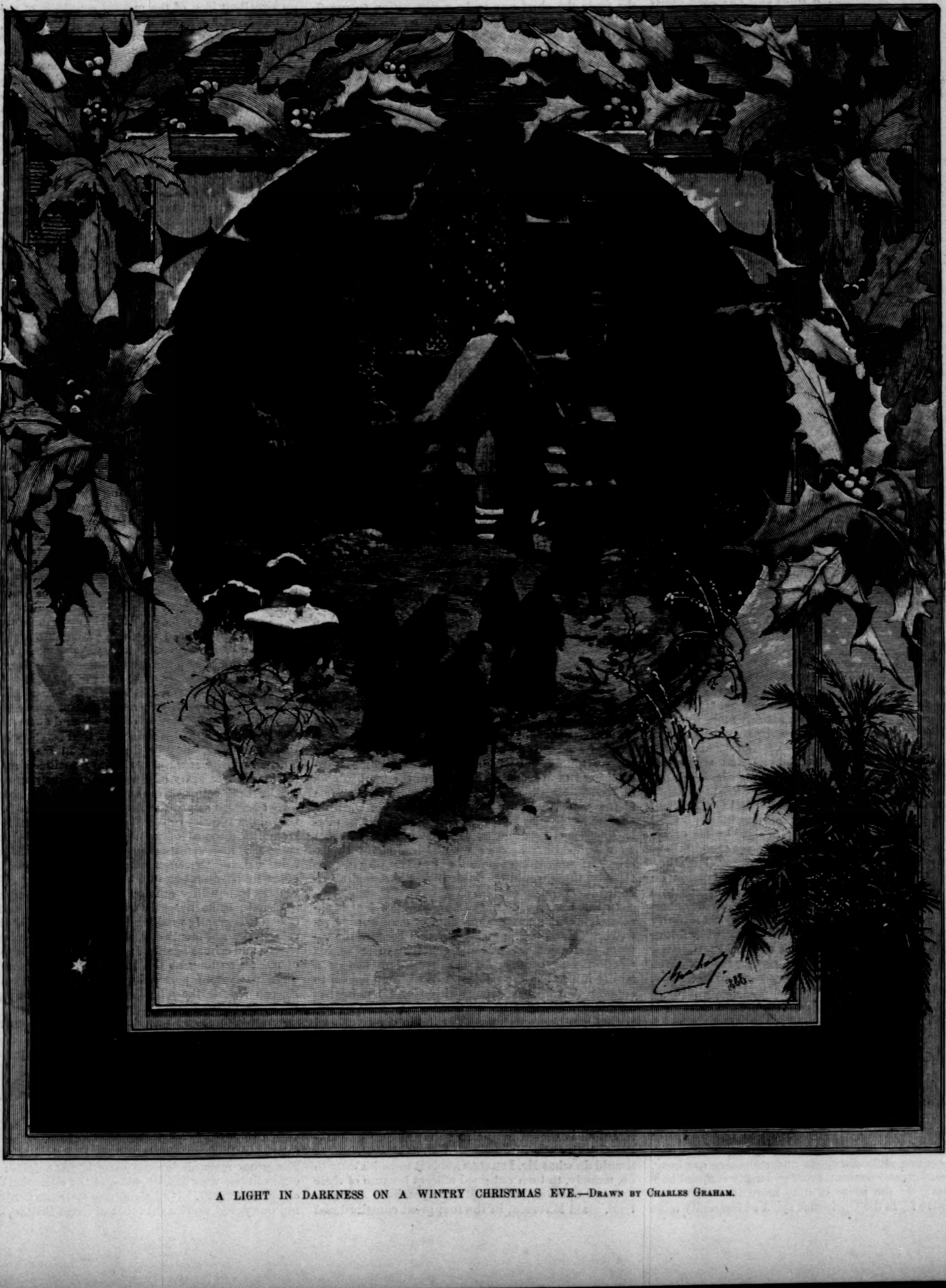


A LIGHT IN DARKNESS ON A WINTRY CHRISTMAS EVE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

"Probably none of the many papers and magazines for the young which so abound in these days is watched for more eagerly or read with greater delight by the boys and girls than HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The visit of this well-conducted and well-illustrated favorite is the event of the week in many a family circle."—*Educational Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The issue for December 11th is another holiday number, foreshadowing the Christmas festival.

The principal story is "Young Lucretia, A Christmas Story," by MARY E. WILKINS, *with an illustration engraved after a drawing by* ALICE BARBER.

"A Barn-yard Talk" is an amusing sketch by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; *"Christmas Surprises," by* AGNES CARR SAGE, *and "Two Pretty Gifts," by* CANDACE WHEELER, *are seasonable items.*

W. J. HENDERSON *has something to say about "Foot-Ball Old and New," apropos of some sketches made at the recent Princeton-Harvard game, and here reproduced. "The Lexington of the Sea" is a historical sketch by* S. G. W. BENJAMIN, *with a front-page illustration by* JAMES G. TYLER.

A Supplement to this number is

A COLORED PLATE,

"CHRISTMAS MORNING: A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP,"

BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CHRISTMAS.

THE world does not outgrow Christmas. The greatest of religious festivals is blended with the deepest human affections. Christmas, indeed, is the characteristic symbol of Christianity. The maxim of "them of old time" was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Buddhism contemplates an individual perfection; Islam, a personal happiness. But Christianity is the religion of the love which sacrifices itself for a brother. The distinctive legend of no other is good-will to men; no other is cradled in a tradition of sweet domesticity. Our Christmas is an aggregate of many traditions. Its roots run into every soil, and it is enriched with the experience of every country. The mistletoe, the waits, Santa Claus, the sports, the holly, the carol, come not in the exclusively Christian so much as in the universally human line. Indeed the most vehement protests against Christmas, its outlawry and ban, came from the fiercest Christian sectaries, and those who did much to separate religion from ceremony and superstition denounced Christmas as of the devil. It was a wild endeavor to blot out the sunshine, to silence music, and to steal fragrance from flowers. In its source, in its spirit, in its observance, Christmas is all good cheer. It consecrates good cheer in every form, and routs the old Puritan fallacy that pleasure is sinful because it is pleasant.

Do the old English Christmas sports survive in any remote nook or corner of England? It is sixty years since WASHINGTON IRVING wrote the charming Christmas chapters of *Bracebridge Hall.* Were they anything more than a happy grouping of old traditions? Did the England that he saw furnish more than the traditions? Did the minstrels really sing their Christmas tunes beneath his cottage eaves, as WORDSWORTH sings, or was it only the pleasant and seasonable fancy of the poet? The Lord of Misrule, Maid Marian, Hobby-Horse, and old Father Christmas—they have all been sometimes reproduced, but the England in which they were universal and familiar is a fairy realm. They are legends of the significance of the day, a day of enjoyment, of pleasure and good-fellowship, a day of kindly feeling, of essential brotherhood. The official charitable doles in London on Christmas Day, the giving of bread and coals to a select body of the poor, a chill and perfunctory charity superintended by the parish beadle, are also dry blossoms of the same tree. But the crowning flower of this kind is Santa Claus, the universal gift-giving to the children. The special significance of gifts, that they shall be in some way parts of the giver, which is the refined thought of the poets, is overborne by the great fact of childish delight in the gift itself. The drum, the trumpet, the Noah's ark, the elephant, the wax doll with moving eyes, whatever the metaphysics of gift-giving, are ministers of rapturous pleasure, which is mutual, for the parent perceives that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

This Christian spirit, of which the Christmas feeling is the symbol—is it extending, is it more general, is it solving the real problem of human life? These are portentous questions, with which now and then the press and the pulpit grapple, and with which economists, philanthropists, and statesmen are busy. Is there greater content, more generally diffused happiness? Is the sense of duty more imperative and effective? Is the Christmas spirit of fraternity more universal? He would be a bold man who should deny it. Doubtless modern invention gives us an infinitely more comprehensive and detailed knowledge of every variety of contemporary suffering the world over than our ancestors could command. But look at any section of their world, so far as we can now see it, and the sense of elevation, of enlightenment, of well-being, is much lower than that which similar sections show to-day. Never so distinctly as now did the Christmas legend so accurately describe the spirit and purpose of a vast part of human activities, peace on earth, good-will to men.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's message begins with a natural reference to the completion, with this session of Congress, of the first century of our national constitutional existence. He proceeds to consider whether the history of the century shows any serious departures from the original constitutional intention, and he finds the chief one to be a disposition to prostitute the power of the government to promote certain individual interests. This course, as fundamentally opposed to the maintenance of the equal rights of all citizens, he holds to be a very serious and perilous error. The illustration that he selects is the protective tariff. In treating this point the message seems to us to generalize too broadly and without discrimination. But as a strong and just warning against the plutocratic tendency which every intelligent observer acknowledges in the present situation, the message is timely and suggestive. At the close of a national election in which more money has been spent than ever before, and in which personal interests were frankly owned to be the controlling motive of an immense vote, it is not too soon to consider whether organized and corporate wealth is not becoming a serious public danger. The message also points out, what must not be forgotten, that if the government may properly favor one private interest or class or purpose, it may with equal propriety favor others. This is simply socialism, and it has two most dangerous and demoralizing consequences: it teaches private individuals and interests to depend for success upon the government, and as such favors can never be equitably adjusted, it breeds bitter discontent, and fosters hostility to all government.

All this is a wide departure from the character and purpose of the Constitution, and from sound and conservative principles of government. The primary condition of national peace and order is the general consciousness that the necessary burdens of government are imposed equally upon all, and that taxes are laid for public and not for private purposes. But in his statement of this truth the President seems to us to draw a singular and misleading distinction between the people and the government. Under the Constitution the people are the government, and to intimate a distinction between them is mischievous. If an extreme tariff be adopted, if burdens are unequally distributed, it is done by the people themselves through their freely elected representatives. If, indeed, the representatives are not freely elected, and legislation does not represent the popular will, then of course the constitutional system has failed, and a distinction between the government and the people exists in America as in Russia. But we do not understand the President to hold this view. All that can be said, therefore, is not that the government is unjust to the people, but that the people do not yet clearly comprehend the advantages of a sounder system of taxation. The evils and the dangers of an extreme protective policy the President states strongly, but with a certain heat, which, however, need not divert attention from the truthfulness of the statement. His last official word in the form of the annual message is mainly a word of warning against tendencies and laws which the most patriotic Americans perceive and deplore, and which can be remedied only by constant and intelligent discussion. If such discussion should fail to provide the remedy, there would be no doubt that we had abandoned the "course of safety."

In this message, as in the last, the President is absolutely silent upon the question of civil service reform. This is the more remarkable because the reform sentiment was a very effective force in his election, and because he has heretofore shown a strong interest in the subject. We see no reason to suppose that he has changed his views, but he has apparently changed his estimate of the relative importance of the question. Yet if the constitutional intention that the executive government and the legislative policy shall represent the honest will of the people is, as he thinks, in danger of frustration, the peril lies more in the corruption of patronage than in anything else. How far the recognized system, as advocated by Senator INGALLS and the spoils leaders of both parties, is a departure from the constitutional intention is shown by the fact that MADISON, the father of the Constitution, said that if a President should do what Mr. INGALLS holds it to be his duty to do, namely, to turn out good officers because of their political opinions, he would be impeached. "I contend," said MADISON, in the first great constitutional debate, "that the wanton removal of meritorious officers would subject him to impeachment and removal from his high trust." The omission of all allusion to the subject in the message is not only injurious to the cause, as implying that the President does not regard it as of sufficient importance even to mention, but it indicates want of apprehension of the fact that it is a question of constantly greater interest to the country. The rest of the message is an excellent summary of the department reports, which show that President CLEVELAND has no reason to regret the condition in which he will leave the country upon retiring from the executive chair.

THE DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

THE annual reports of the great departments of the government are read by few persons; but they are exceedingly interesting, and contain general information upon the subjects treated which is not elsewhere readily accessible. The Secretary of the Navy gives an excellent idea of the present condition of the art of constructing naval defences and projectiles, besides the account of our own situation. The Secretary of War covers naturally something of the same ground, with special reference to our coast defences. The Secretary of the Interior treats of the land question, of pensions, and of the Indians; the Postmaster-General, of the department in whose operations every person who writes a letter or reads a newspaper is immediately and personally interested; and the Secretary of the Treasury deals not only with the details of receipts and expenditures, but with the sound principles of a great financial policy. Unfortunately for the reader, but necessarily, the reports are all published at once, and the busy citizen is overwhelmed and bewildered with the torrents of information. The Secretary of the Treasury states that the revenues of the year have been $379,266,074 76, of which $219,091,173 63 was received from customs duties, and $124,296,871 98 from internal revenue taxes. The ordinary expenses of the year were $259,653,958 67. The estimated receipts for next year are $370,000,000, and the estimated ordinary expenditures are $273,000,000. The result of similar estimates for the following year, deducting the requirements of the Sinking-Fund, indicate a surplus of $203,000,000 on the 30th of June, 1890. This prefigures a situation demanding imperatively enormous reduction of revenue or utterly reckless expenditure.

The two important national facts of the report of the Secretary of the Navy are, first, that when the unarmored cruisers now constructing and authorized are completed, the United States will rank second among nations in the possession of such cruisers or "commerce destroyers" having the highest characteristics—a size of 3000 tons and upward, and a speed of nineteen knots and more; second, that while four years ago we had no vessel which could have held its own for a week against any first-rate naval power, and were dependent upon England for the forging of guns, armor, and secondary batteries, now everything necessary to a first-class fighting ship can be produced in this country, and furnished as fast as required. The War Department reports its total expenditures during the year at $44,632,507, of which $25,293,378 represent the cost of the army and Military Academy. Desertions are many, and the sea-coasts and lake frontiers are largely defenceless, and as all the States excepting Arkansas, and the Territories excepting Arizona, Idaho, and Utah, now have an active militia large enough to entitle them to receive ordnance and quartermasters' stores from the United States, the Secretary hopes that the militia may be instructed in sea-coast defences and the handling of heavy artillery, and at colleges where army officers serve as instructors he thinks that competitive contests in rifle-shooting might become as popular as boat-racing. The Secretary of the Interior reports the receipt of $13,522,185 77 from the disposal of public lands. No other year since 1836 has furnished receipts so large. He holds a radical and thorough reorganization of the Land-office to be essential to its proper efficiency. He reports tranquillity among the Indians; the tribal system in some tribes is wholly broken up, and in others it is greatly weakened. But although the Secretary does not mention it, there is no doubt of cruel abuses and crimes against Indians, which are hopeless of redress so long as the Indian service is made to serve party and personal purposes. The Pension Bureau reports the whole number of pensioners as 452,557, and the aggregate annual value of all pensions $56,707,220 92—an increase for the year of $3,882,579 70.

The Postmaster-General reports the whole number of post-offices as 57,376—an increase of 6124 since 1885; yet 1645 post-offices were discontinued during the year. Since last year there is an increase of about 12,000 miles in the railway mail service. The money-order business of the year amounts to $143,000,000, with a profit to the government of $50,000. The volume of ordinary mail matter has largely increased. The gross revenue for the year is $52,695,176; the expenditures were $56,885,403, and the estimated deficiency $4,190,227. It appears from statistics contrasting our postal service with that of Great Britain, Ger-

many, and France that in cheapness of postage, gross revenue and expenditures, number of post-offices, extent of mail routes, mileage of mail service, and volume of mail matter transmitted, the postal system of the United States is the leading one of the world. The average number of pieces of mail matter to each inhabitant of the several countries named, taking the last census as the basis of the calculations, is now about as follows: United States, pieces per capita, 71; Great Britain, pieces per capita, 61; Germany, ditto, 41; France, ditto, 37. The Postmaster-General holds that the question of postal telegraphy becomes constantly more important, and he recommends a scientific commission of inquiry into possible improvement of methods, with a view to reduce cost and secure privacy. He recommends also an adjustment of the salaries of fourth-class postmasters, who are 54,874 of the whole 57,376, and whose salaries have been reduced as their labor has increased by the reduction of postage, and the allowance for rent to third-class offices, he thinks, should be left to the discretion of the Postmaster-General. The reports, upon the whole, are very creditable to an administration of "rebel brigadiers," and will be satisfactory to the country.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE SUFFRAGE.

THOSE who think that intelligent women might be as wisely intrusted with the right of suffrage as ignorant, brutal, and drunken men have probably observed with pleasure the remark of Lord SALISBURY in a late speech at Edinburgh:

"I earnestly hope the day is not far distant when women also will bear their share in voting for members in the political world, and in determining the policy of the country. I can conceive no argument by which they are excluded. It is obvious they are abundantly as fit as many who now possess suffrage, by knowledge, by training, and by character; and their influence is likely to weigh in a direction which in an age so material as ours is exceedingly valuable, namely, in the direction of morality and religion."

The suggestion that his lordship holds this view because he is anxious for more Tory votes, and because women would largely vote with the Tories, is not very important. Pure disinterestedness in the adoption of opinions upon public questions is by no means universal. But majorities control public action. The support of a high tariff at the late election in this country was perhaps not absolutely free from consideration of personal and private interests.

No English public man of the standing of Lord SALISBURY has made so unqualified a profession of his faith in the practical desirability of granting the suffrage to women. JOHN STUART MILL, the especial champion of the rights of women in England, although a member of Parliament, was regarded as a philosopher and economist rather than a statesmen. There was for some time an annual presentation of the subject in Parliament by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, and a very respectable and intelligent vote supported the motion. In this country also a similar vote is sure in almost any Legislature upon a similar proposal.

In the Constitutional Convention of New York CHARLES J. FOLGER, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and SANFORD E. CHURCH, afterward Chief-Justice of the Court of Appeals, each the leader of his party in the Convention, voted in committee of the whole to strike out the word "male" from the suffrage clause of the Constitution. It was an expression of opinion only, but it was interesting as the opinion of two practical political leaders. Among the eminent American public men to-day Senator HOAR holds the same view as Lord SALISBURY. He sent word to the recent annual meeting at Cincinnati of the American Women Suffrage Association, "My belief in the wisdom and justice of the demand that women shall be admitted to the ballot grows stronger every year." In Vermont, mindful of logic, and with a touch of excellent humor, a petition is preparing to be presented to the next Legislature respectfully asking that the property of women who are not represented shall be exempted from taxation, except for school purposes, in determining which they already have a vote. If any unwary Vermont statesman should contemplate replying that they are "virtually" represented, he must refresh his recollection of the reply of New England to the claim of the British ministry, before Concord and Lexington, that the colonies were "virtually" represented in Parliament.

SENATOR INGALLS AND THE SUPPRESSED VOTE.

SENATOR INGALLS is a good representative of Western aggressive Republicanism, and his interview in regard to "the fatal problem" of race in the Southern States is therefore interesting. Unless history is a false teacher, he says, two races which cannot assimilate by marriage cannot exist in practical political equality under the same government. Whether the Anglo-Saxon and the negro are homogeneous he does not say, but he thinks it obvious that the mixture of the races is ceasing, and the black race increases much more rapidly than the white. No intelligent man, he continues, now doubts that the negro vote is largely suppressed in the Southern States by the honest conviction of the whites that the white race must remain supreme, because black ascendency would result in the degradation and destruction of society and the state.

There is no malevolence, he holds, toward the Southern States among the people of the Northern States. On the contrary, there is deep sympathy and an intelligent comprehension of the situation, and many Republicans agree that under similar circumstances they would be strongly moved to the same conduct. This is the reason, in his opinion, that the sectional appeal lost its force in this part of the country. But when the spurious majorities in Congress, manufactured by this suppression of legal voters, attempted to impose upon the country a policy hostile to great Northern interests, public sentiment in this part of the country was aroused.

Mr. INGALLS says that he is as radical and aggressive as most Republicans, but he should not favor any vindictive, intolerant, or proscriptive legislation. He recognizes the burdens of the Southern whites. He would help them and co-operate with them if they would make it possible. But there must be fair play. They must not suppress the vote and enjoy the representation. Every vote must be an equal unit of sovereignty. Disfranchisement of the negro he thinks to be impossible. No race has ever been deprived of rights and prerogatives once solemnly conferred. If the two races are heterogeneous, and can never be assimilated, education and the acquisition of property increase instead of diminish the dangers of the situation. Mr. INGALLS proposes no solution; but he presents strongly to Mr. GRADY and Mr. WATTERSON and the other ardent champions of white rule the proposition that, assuming their postulate, to be sound, it requires of them as honorable men that they shall not continue to hold an advantage to which by their own admission they are not entitled.

MR. PHELPS AT GLASGOW.

ONE of the results of the late election will be the return of Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister in England. Mr. PHELPS was not very widely known in this country, but his appointment has proved to be one of the best made by President CLEVELAND. It is his praise that he has worthily maintained the high standard of representative Americanism which Mr. LOWELL had raised, and President HARRISON will be very fortunate if he shall appoint a successor who will fill that place with the dignity, ability, and accomplishment of his two immediate predecessors. In Mr. LOWELL and Mr. PHELPS Englishmen have seen two admirable representatives of the American quality which has made what is best and most characteristic in American character and development. Nothing can be truer than Mr. LOWELL'S remark which he recalled at Chicago in 1887. When GUIZOT asked him how long he thought the American republic would last, he replied, "It will last just so long as the traditions of the men of English descent who founded it are dominant there."

The charm and grace and thoughtfulness of the many speeches of these two gentlemen in England have been of essential service in promoting that good feeling upon which harmonious international relations largely depend. Mr. PHELPS'S late speech at the dinner given to him by the Corporation of Glasgow is an apt illustration of felicitous skill. Speaking of the yearly swarm of American tourists in Scotland, he said:

"If Scotland had no claim to the attention of the civilized world except its literature, and if all its fine literature were abolished except the writings of Sir WALTER SCOTT and ROBERT BURNS, it would still have a claim—a peculiar sort of claim—upon the English-speaking people. I can say with Falstaff that those two men have given us medicines to make us love you. They have not only invested your history and your scenery with an interest that never will pass away and that is world-wide; they people your country all over with those charming creations of the imagination that have passed into reality. Mankind naturally frequent scenes of great historical events, where great men have lived, where great things have been done, and where history has been made. Was the spectacle ever before seen in this world of thousands and thousands of intelligent and cultivated people thronging to see the scenery and the localities of events that never happened, and the hearths and homes of people that never lived? Yet that is to be seen in Scotland every summer, and will continue to be seen far into those summers that we shall not see."

Speaking of the Scotch in America, he said:

"Standing here as the representative, the humble representative, of the American people, I cannot forbear to say I represent a great many Scotchmen. You have sent us in large numbers the best quality of the men who have come to us, and with that resolute industry which is invincible, that honesty that is honest all the way through, that thrift which is the source of prosperity, manly independence. I do not know all the thousands of Scotchmen who have gone to my country. I can say this, that I do not know any Scotchman who has not prospered there, and I have not known any such prosperity that has not been a benefit to the community in which it took place. We have had them in all classes of life. There is no profession that they have not adorned; there is no pursuit that they have not made successful; there is no industry, high or low, that they have not dignified; and therefore it is only common justice for me to acknowledge our indebtedness to the emigration that has come to us from your country. We are beginning to be a little more particular about the guest we receive. The doors are beginning to close. The government of that great country that has been so kindly and so justly alluded to is not going to allow it to be contaminated with the leprosy of Asia, and it is not going to allow it to pass into the hands of the offscourings of Europe—it was going near to be thought so soon; but so long as you send us men of your race, armed with the virtues that I have described, so long as you send us that sort of men, all the outer doors of my country, from Maine to California, will swing on their hinges to let them in. We shall be glad to see them; the more of them the better; and if you won't think me rhetorical, I should venture to say that if you have so far overcome your natural and national modesty as to raise the old cry of 'Scotland forever!' and if you listen attentively, you will hear it come back to you from the other side of the Atlantic with real and unaffected cordiality."

MR. BLAINE AND THE CABINET.

No man represents more conspicuously the tendencies, the spirit, and the purposes of the present Republican party than Mr. BLAINE. By common consent he is its chief leader. He would have been nominated for the Presidency at Chicago by acclamation if he had not intervened in a way that perplexed his friends. His nomination would have been the free act of his party, as it was in the Convention of 1884. When the protesting Republicans in that Convention were asked triumphantly by Mr. BLAINE'S friends whether they denied that he was the true choice of the party, they answered that they could not deny it, and that was the worst of it.

Our government is a party government, and at the late election the Republican party secured every branch of it. Why should there be any doubt that, according to all precedent and common understanding, a chief place in the cabinet will be offered to the chief figure in the party? Nearly fifty years ago, when General HARRISON'S grandfather was elected President by the Whigs, there were two great Whig leaders, CLAY and WEBSTER. The newly elected President offered the State Department to Mr. CLAY, and when he declined it it was offered to Mr. WEBSTER, who accepted it. Mr. BLAINE was welcomed upon his return from Europe as the party chief who should define and direct the campaign. The campaign is successful, and it would be remarkable if the offer of great place should not be made to him, unless he should himself make it difficult or impossible.

But that there is some doubt appears from the extraordinary statement from Mr. BLAINE'S home, telegraphed throughout the country, that upon consultation with his friends he has intimated that he would accept the Secretaryship of State if it should be offered to him. We do not remember that Mr. WEBSTER, or Mr. CLAY, or Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, or Mr. SEWARD, or any other important incumbent of that office, ever made any such statement under such circumstances. It is an action without precedent, and it suggests not only doubt whether the usual precedent of the offer will be observed, but good reason for the doubt.

THE SITUATION IN PARLIAMENT.

THE plan of the Tories in England is to play a waiting game against Mr. GLADSTONE'S life, confident that if he should die the Liberal party would abandon the PARNELL alliance. There is, however, a general feeling that if a dissolution of Parliament should be forced by a defeat of the ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably return to power. That such a defeat may suddenly occur is shown by the alarm upon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S motion about the troops at Suakin. He accused the government of placing English soldiers in peril against the advice of high and responsible authority, and compelled the Secretary at War to reply that the government assumed complete responsibility, upon full information and with entire confidence of success.

The government whips succeeded in securing a majority, but if a battle now believed to be imminent should end in a British reverse, the government could hardly stand, because it could not regard defeat under such circumstances as a minor and unimportant event. The Irish question would then be brought directly to a vote in England, and the decision would be of the highest significance. Even a reduction of the present Tory majority would lead to a more determined agitation of the question of home rule, while the return of Mr. GLADSTONE would open a new and most important chapter in English annals.

PERSONAL.

THE death of Major LYMAN BISSELL, of New Haven, Connecticut, recalls one of the most noted town and gown rows in the history of Yale College. On the evening of March 17, 1854, about fifty of the students, who were going home from a theatrical performance, were mobbed by a large body of townies, and one of the latter, PATRICK O'NEIL, was fatally stabbed with a dirk. This maddened the mob, who broke into the city arsenal and dragged out two cannon, which they loaded to the muzzle, and trained on South College, where the students were intrenched. During the excitement Captain BISSELL, the Chief of Police, and his officers managed to spike the guns, and averted further bloodshed. The secret of who stabbed O'NEIL has never been revealed.

—CARL SCHURZ has been made the American director of the Hamburg-American Steam-ship Company.

—Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, of Connecticut, has been made a father for the first time in his life of sixty-two years. His first wife, a cousin of HENRY WARD BEECHER, died childless, except for three adopted children. The present Mrs. HAWLEY, who came to this country five years ago, after receiving Queen VICTORIA'S medal for distinguished services in the English hospitals, gave birth to a daughter at Washington December 2.

—Miss MARY MORRIS and BENNETT WALLING, of Red Bank, New Jersey, seventy-six and eighty-two years old respectively, have just been married as the result of an election bet in which Miss MARY staked her single-blessedness against the election of HARRISON.

—A Vermont school-marm, KATE GILLETTE, of East Randolph, has gained considerable notoriety and a gold watch by the notes which she enclosed in turkeys that she helped prepare for the Thanksgiving market. The missives expressed regard for Republicans and dislike for Democrats, gave the writer various personalities, from "a young school-teacher earning only seven dollars a week" to "a little girl five years old," and suggested that a watch, a gold ring, or even a box of second-hand clothing "to make over for me," would be acceptable Christmas presents. Mayor O'BRIEN, of Boston, a life-long Democrat, received one of the turkeys, and has made himself the target of the Beantown press by sending the young woman a gold watch and a gallant letter.

—General Tom Pouce, a dwarf who was exhibited at many places in this country and Europe some years ago, and received many attentions from royalty, died last week at Cleveland, Ohio, where he kept a cigar store. He was three feet tall, and was given his title by the King of Italy, his real name being ERNEST GEYEY. His age was forty-seven years.

—Corporal THOMAS CHAMBERS, a noted Fenian, and a fellow-prisoner of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY at Dartmoor during the troubled times of the 'sixties in Great Britain, has just died at Boston. His offence was spreading republican doctrines among the soldiers of the British army. A companion of his, CHARLES MCCARTHY, released at the same time, dropped dead just after leaving the prison, and CHAMBERS never recovered from the effects of his confinement.

—GEORGE LITTLEWOOD, winner of the recent Madison Square Garden foot-race, was born at Rawmarsh, Yorkshire, England, and began running while yet a boy. He is twenty-nine years old. This is the third six-day match he has won in this country.

—HENRY PLUMMER CHEATHAM will be the only negro in the Fifty-first Congress. He is a smart mulatto, a graduate of Shaw University, and a teacher by profession. Lately he has been Register of Deeds for Vance County, North Carolina, and he will represent the second district of that State. He is thirty years old.

—The following extract from a letter from Mr. P. T. BARNUM explains itself, and corrects a misstatement made in this column last week: "Under the head of 'Personal,' on page 931 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, it is stated that I have *retired* from the show business. This *not* being the case, that paragraph in so influential and widely circulated a paper as your WEEKLY is calculated to do me serious financial injury. The *original* announcement was maliciously sent to New York papers by a Bridgeport reporter, and denied by me the next day. The truth is, I shall die in harness. My only and equal partner, Mr. JAMES BAILEY, and myself have several millions of dollars invested in 'the Greatest Show on Earth,' and our contract of copartnership is for fifty years, regardless of the death of either or both, which will doubtless occur before that time. But the show is so well established and systematized that we have no doubt our posterity will carry it on successfully for centuries."

THE OLD SMOKE CHAMBER.

A Christmas Story.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THAT the old Royall house was haunted had long been a legend in the Mount Hope lands. Nearly all of the old houses in this part of New England were haunted, or supposed to be. A house without its ghost lore would have been regarded in old colony days as a place of but little interest. Did not evil spirits tempt all good people, and frighten all wrong-doers? And what a colorless family that must have been to have been wholly neglected by the ghost world! All old women had their ghost stories, and not a few claimed that the "Prince of the Power of the Air" had made them, or some of their antique relatives, a special visit. There seems to have been few good spirits in those lively and dramatic old times. The Puritan imagination had no fairy-land, or Hebraic or mediæval angels. The telling of ghost stories to children was held to be a very wholesome and pious occupation, but the relation of fairy tales would have been a sin. No historian has overdrawn these colonial superstitions. Witches walked the air, the dead did not sleep well nights, but were ever getting up out of their graves and returning to their old places to warn the living. The spirit world of darkness was an ever-present reality, a nightly terror, and there were no angel chariots in the clouds, nor angel feet in the ways of sorrow and death. New England was a goblin-land. Going to bed in some distant chamber in an old oak house was a specially perilous journey for the young Puritan to make; one could never tell whether one's dead grandfather was in his grave at that hour or not. Young folks with disturbed consciences went to bed with alacrity and drew the sheets over their heads quickly in Cotton Mather's day.

The Mount Hope lands! How beautiful they were and are! But the old houses on them were filled with dark superstitions. This is not strange, for the Mount Hope lands had been the fields of great events. Few places in America had such a romantic history.

"Here once red warriors were wont to assemble,
Here lurid and ghostly their council fires shone,
Here the word of the chief made the ancient tribes tremble,
And the war-whoop rung out from Pometacom's throne.

"Gone, gone are the tribes from the scenes that they cherished,
The forests no longer encompass the tide,
The happy flocks sleep where Pometacom perished,
And wanders the heron where Wetamoo died.

"And here on this ocean mound silently lying,
Where tidal waves falling the far seas intone,
Where the sail on the bay like the osprey is flying,
The olden tribes rest from their warfare unknown.

"The mild air of spring-time embeds them in flowers,
The orioles here from the tropics return,
The grain ripens on them in midsummer hours,
And mellowing falls by the river sides burn."

If the archæologists may be trusted, here came Leif Ericson in A.D. 1000, and wintered in Mount Hope Bay. A rock is still shown at a place called the Narrows, on which is a partly effaced inscription, which is claimed to have been made by the Northmen. On the Mount Hope lands, it is probable, was the first temporary settlement ever made in the territory which is now the United States. This was nearly five hundred years before the Columbian discovery. Here lived Massasoit, whose great heart protected the infant colony of Plymouth for forty or more years. Massasoit was a poet by nature; he loved inspiring scenery, and he made the glacier-carved slope of land overhanging these bright waterways to the sea his royal seat. On this neck of land, between the Narragansett and the Mount Hope bays, were his three royal villages, or places of lodges, each hard by a living spring of water. There was passed the boyhood of Alexander (Wamsutta) and King Philip (Pometacom). Here the forests were full of game, the shores of shell-fish, and the bays were rich fishing-fields for the white and airy birch canoes. There came young John Hampden, the English patriot and commoner, already inspired to defend popular rights against kingly power. He made the visit with Edward Winslow, and found Massasoit at Sowams (now Warren, Rhode Island), one of the three royal villages. The chief was sick, and Hampden helped make broth for him, and to nurse him, and under his and Winslow's care the old chief recovered, and it was Indian gratitude for the kindly offices of these two wonderful men that made him a lifelong friend to the growing colonies. The scene of John Hampden in the lodge of Massasoit by the living spring of Sowams, which may still be seen close to the Warren River, is worthy of a poet or painter. May it one day find both! Here Captain Kidd, of ballad fame, was supposed to have hidden treasure. Here came Roger Williams, in exile, and met in the lodge of Massasoit, what he had not found at Salem, the spirit of a Christian hospitality. It was here his mind was active in evolving the great principles of religious liberty that have emancipated the human conscience from the rule of state throughout the world. There should be a monument to Massasoit on the Mount Hope lands; no chieftain ever better deserved a shaft of fame. Here were King Philip's war-dances, and here the romantic Wetamoo came to attend them, crossing the starlit bay in her white canoe. Here Philip was killed, returning a fugitive to the ancient burying-ground of his race, and the warrior-queen Wetamoo was drowned, with her heart in vain longing for the beautiful hills that on either side of the bay met her eyes. Here Washington came to rest in 1793, and was the guest of William Bradford, then a United States Senator, who lived at the Mount. The descendants of Governor Bradford used to relate how the two statesmen, clad in "black velvet, with ruffles about their wrists and at their bosoms, and with powdered hair, promenaded the piazza, and talked together hour after hour."

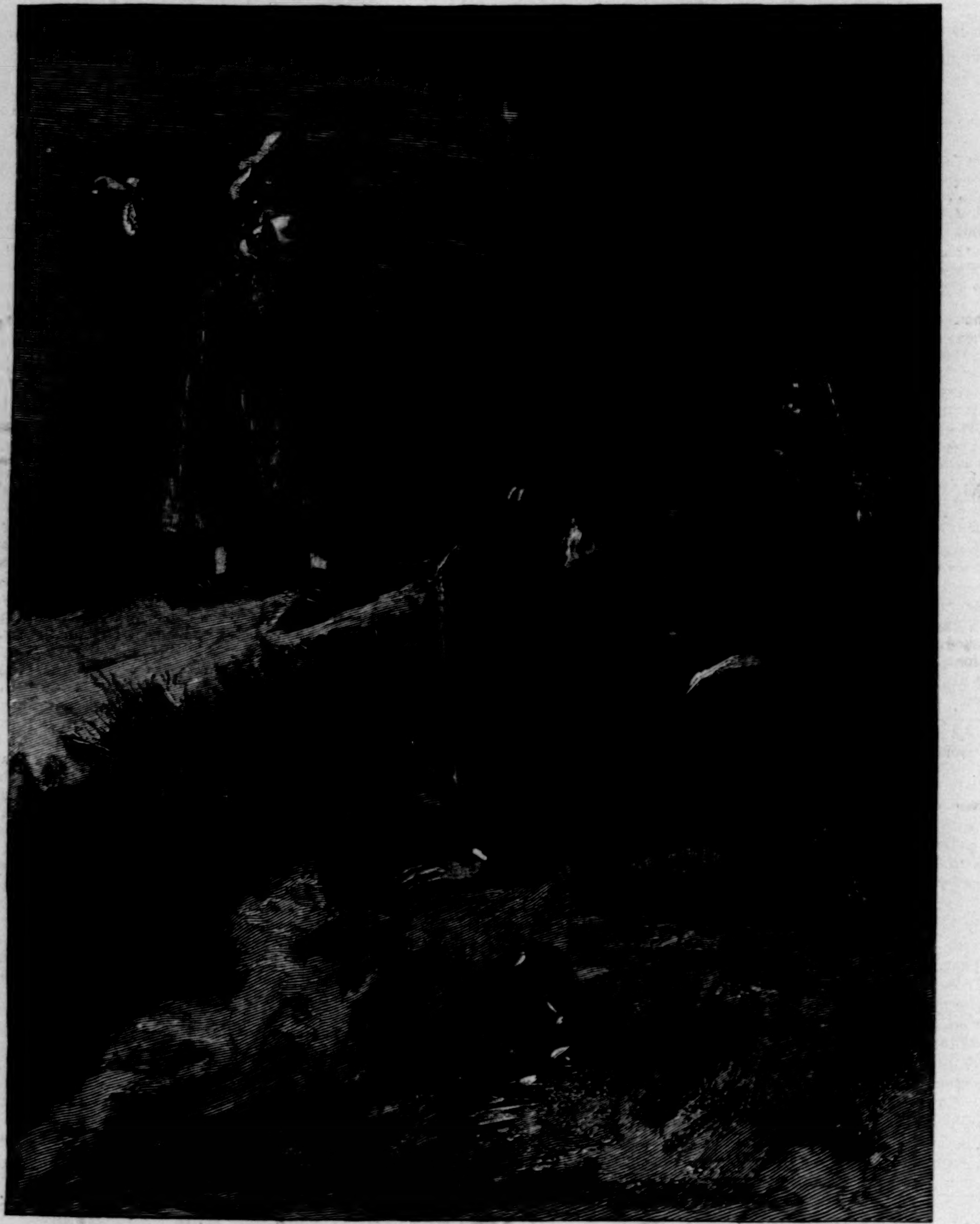
Leif Ericson, Massasoit, John Hampden, Roger Williams, Washington—what an array of great names and noble associations! We may well claim that there are few spots on American soil which are so grand in historic events of a highly poetic coloring as the old Mount Hope lands. As to lesser men, we have not space for more than an allusion. Church, the Indian-fighter, of cruel memory, the heroes of the *Gaspee*, and the old privateers. Lafayette was quartered here, and General Burnside here made his home on the borders of the beautiful hills after the Union war. In the prosperous colonial years before the Revolution there came to live on the Mount Hope lands in summer some grand families whom the world has almost forgotten. Among them were the Vassals of Boston, and the Royalls, also rich Boston people, whose home was at the Mount. These people were royalists, and fled from the country at the beginning of the war, and their estates were confiscated. The Mount Hope farm of the Royalls was among the confiscated estates. These people fled to the Windward Islands. The old Vassal tomb may still be seen in Cambridge church-yard, Massachusetts, near Harvard College. Of course the confiscated estate of the Royalls became haunted after the flight of its stately owners. The white ghost of Penelope Royall is supposed never to have left the romantic farms, but to have remained to terrify whomsoever might live upon these enchanted regions of the rightful territories of good King George. In her happy days this queenly woman used to ride in her high chariot through Bristol, greatly to the admiration of the Wardwells, the Bosworths, the Gladdings, the Churches, the Byfields, and the well-to-do townspeople of the cool old port. The white sail that bore the Royalls drifted over the tropic seas, but not in imagination the ghostly form and robes of Penelope Royall. They staid to affright the rebels, and to uphold the rights and the dignities of the Crown. All disloyal Bristol could not arrest the spirit of Penelope, which seems to have delighted in the freedom denied to the royalists in the flesh. She was a maiden lady, and a more stately person than either Anna or Priscilla Royall, the old royalist's first and second wives. She loved the Mount Hope lands, and especially Mount Hope, and used often to visit the white ridge overlooking the bays, and gaze over the glittering waterways and the green expanse of Rhode Island, where Bishop Berkeley is said to have made his immortal prophecy. She died in the old house, and was buried near it.

It was near the close of the last century that Prudence Wardwell, a rich spinster, came to live on the old Royall farm on the Mount Hope lands. The house which she occupied was noted for its great chimney. All of the old Bristol houses had enormous chimneys with great fireplaces. One of these chimneys, it has been said, would furnish sufficient material to build a modern cottage. Several of them once stood like monuments, after the houses they had once warmed were gone; and cattle, in the winter, would sometimes find a shelter in their giant fireplaces.

Prudence Wardwell—"Aunt Prudence," as she was known—brought to the great oak mansion a bound boy by the name of Peter Fayerweather. It had been her wish to live as nearly alone as possible, with but a single protector, and for this solitary guardian and sentinel she had chosen Peter. He was a tall, awkward lad, with great eyes and a shambling gait, but Aunt Prudence believed him to be honest, and she did not want a "handsome man" on the place. Peter was not handsome. Peter had objected to going to the Mount on account of the ghost folk there. His large eyes and large ears seemed to grow as he listened to the old tales of superstition. He had heard again and again with terror the awful tale of Captain Kidd; how that recreant son of the old Scottish minister and martyr had gone forth on the high seas to destroy pirates, and had turned pirate himself; how he had sunk his good father's Bible "in the sand," and had murdered William Moore, "as he sailed, as he sailed,"

"And left him in his gore,
As he sailed."

The old pirate was said to come back to the Mount Hope lands on still moonlight nights, to see if any had found his buried treasures. None had. One frightened Bristoler had met the old Captain carrying his head like a bundle under his arm. The old pirate was evidently in a hurry; if not, the good man who met him most certainly was after the strange vision.



"ONE FRIGHTENED BRISTOLER HAD MET THE CAPTAIN CARRYING HIS HEAD LIKE A BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM."

Peter Fayerweather had no wish to see stately Penelope Royall or dark-visaged Captain Kidd on moonlit nights, or any other nights, or any ghost folks who did such odd things as to take off their heads and carry them under their arms. So, of all places, he begged Aunt Prudence not to take him to the solemn and lonely old oak house on the Mount. But Aunt Prudence did not fear ghosts. She "trusted in the Lord," as she said, against any wandering visitors from another world. She was afraid of robbers, and it was on this account that she had secured the protective services of the giant Peter, who would have regarded a robber on any dark night as a most welcome friend. So the two came to the grand old house. Aunt Prudence fearing only robbers, and young Peter only ghosts.

"If you will protect me from robbers," said the solitary old lady to Peter on the day of their arrival, "I will protect you from spirits. What do you say, Peter?"

"Aunt Prudence," said Peter, "I do not fear no mortal flesh, true as preachin'. Look there, and there."

He waved his great arms about like a windmill, and swung them round and round, greatly to the old lady's admiration.

"I have great confidence in you, Peter; I made a good choice when I took you, Peter. Do it again."

Peter swung his great arms again round and round like a wheel. Aunt Prudence's sense of security became very firm.

"That will do, Peter. If you should ever see a ghost, you call me; and if I should ever see a man, I will call you."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever see a ghost!" said Peter; "it would just kill me dead, true as preachin'."

The summer passed; the apples reddened in the shadowy orchards, and the frosts dropped the walnuts on the light beds of crimson leaves. The orioles went, and the ospreys. The beautiful Indian summer came and burned and faded. November, the month of shadows, came, and a coolness fell from the steel sky over the bay, and soon the light snow-crystals began to fall. No ghosts were seen in or about the old house; no robbers. Peter lost his fears, and Aunt Prudence became full of confidence, and the two were as happy as such a solitary life could make them. Aunt Prudence, at least, seemed perfectly happy and contented.

There was in the great chimney an odd receptacle, once common to such chimneys, but now almost forgotten even in England, known as the smoke chimney. The door to it, which was iron, opened in this old house into one of the upper rooms. The chamber consisted of iron bars on which fresh hams were stored in the fall, and through which the smoke passed from one of the lower fireplaces. It was in reality a smoke-house in the chimney; a place to smoke meats, in the days when such smoked meats were regarded as a greater luxury than now. Peter Fayerweather had not been slow to discover this fortress-like smoke chamber. Peter was not what would be called bright, but a bright idea illumined his dull face when he first opened the iron door.

"Ghosts? Ghosts?" he said to himself, "if I ever should—I know what I would do, if I ever should— Nothing could ever get through that iron door, true as preachin'. If I ever should—"

A part of the predicate to Peter's subjunctive sentence was wanting, but that a very helpful idea had come to him was evident from his luminous face. He had formed a very definite plan of security "if he ever should—"

Aunt Prudence too, in a careful survey of the premises, had been struck with the appearance of security and seclusion of the old smoke chamber. She too had examined it alone, and as sympathetic minds by a kind of telegraphy express themselves in like phrases, she also said:

"If I ever should— No robber would think of such a place as that, anyhow. I will hang up a quilt over the iron door, and if I

ever should— If I ever should—eh, well, if I ever should—I will."

She too turned away from the dungeon-like place with a face full of animation and confidence. Certainly if Peter "ever should," or if Aunt Prudence "ever should," the old smoke chamber would be a very desirable and convenient seclusion. Now Peter thought of seclusion only in the case of a ghost, and Aunt Prudence only in case that an unknown man of very selfish propensities should "break into the house," and each evidently had received a sense of security on a careful inspection of the old smoke chamber. But neither made a confidant of what the other would do under certain alarming circumstances.

Peter, like most cowardly people who recover a sense of security, became suddenly very bold. He used to visit Bristol evenings, and return late, greatly to Aunt Prudence's anxiety. It was the time of the once famous Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal revivals, and Peter claimed that he went to attend the meetings, which were the exciting topics of the old port and of the State. Aunt Prudence, who was a strict Calvinist, was not deeply in sympathy with these phenomenal meetings, which were called the "New Light Stir." She advised Peter to "read his Bible at home." But he still felt the necessity of going elsewhere for the interpretation of that good book, and so, to use his own expression, he continued to "follow up" the meetings.

Aunt Prudence's patience at thus being left alone during the long winter evenings at last came to an end.

"Peter," she said, one morning after Peter had attended a meeting that had held very late, "are you never afraid of meeting apparitions on your way home nights? Suppose you should—what would you do?"

Peter thought of the old smoke chamber, but that would not serve him in such a case. He knew his aunt's purpose in making these appalling suggestions. He was not a very politic boy, but he was quite equal to the situation on this particular occasion.

"I would call for *you*, aunt. You say that you are not afraid of 'em."

Aunt Prudence felt flattered, but she still recalled amid her feeling of satisfaction that she must not be left alone.

"But, Peter, I would hate to see the ghost of Captain Kidd, or to see any of the old Indian apparitions. Don't you know, Peter, that Mount Hope is a great Indian graveyard? I would not like to meet old Penelope Royall all in white going about in the wind; would you, Peter? It would be awful; now wouldn't it, Peter?"

Peter's great eyes and ears began to grow. His old nervous fears were coming back again, but he still coveted the freedom of his evenings.

"Aunt," he said at last, very thoughtfully, "where do you suppose old Penelope Royall went when she died?"

"To heaven, I hope, Peter, even if she was a royalist."

"Then why don't she stay there? What would she want to be wanderin' about in the wind in cold nights for?"

"For vengeance," said aunt, with an annoyed tone.

"For vengeance?" said Peter. "I shouldn't think a woman after she had gone to heaven would have any more wicked feelings like that. I don't believe she wanders about in the wind with thin clothes on anyway. Now say, do you, aunt? Do you really think so? They dress comfortable *up there*. It don't stand to reason, true as preachin'; now does it?"

Aunt felt the force of Peter's argument. In fact Peter was expressing her own firm convictions about such matters.

"But Captain Kidd, Peter, he was a dreadful man; I don't think he has gone to heaven."

"Where did he go, aunt?"

Aunt Prudence replied with spirit and emphasis:

"He went, Peter, where all wicked people go—to the kingdom of darkness, where he is shut up for ever and ever. There, now!"

Aunt Prudence was "clearing away the table," as she called her morning work, when she uttered these startling and decisive words. She looked steadily at Peter, and felt that she answered him and silenced him. She felt a kind of triumph in the pause that followed, and lifted her spectacles as though to say, "What do you think of that?"

"But, Aunt Prudence?"

"But what, Peter? This is a very alarming subject."

"But *who let him out?*"

"Oh, Peter, Peter! You are becoming an awful boy. I always knew that those Methodist free salvation meetings would do you no good. You go right out to the wood-pile, and bring me in an armful of wood. You have no sense of theology, anyway. You are a poor daft fellow. 'Who let him out?' Did I ever?"

Peter went out muttering that he didn't "see how people can be shut up forever in another world and be wandering about this world at the same time. It don't stand to reason, nohow, true as preachin'."

But although Peter's reason seemed convincing, it did not quiet his superstitious fears. Whenever his conscience became a little disturbed, the picture of tall Penelope Royall wandering about in the wind "all in white" was before him. Even grim old Captain Kidd was not such an alarming object to his fancy as that. Captain Kidd was a man, and he felt sure that he would let him alone, if he did not trouble the buried treasure, but old Penelope Royall—*she* was a woman.

A wonderful reformation seemed to come over Peter. He began to stay at home, and go to bed very early, often as early as seven o'clock, or at least he seemed to do these sober things. Aunt Prudence had gone to the door of his room once or twice after his early retiring, but had found it locked, and she had been unable to awake him, he "slept so sound." "Boys do," she said.

"Peter," she said, one morning, "tell me the truth, now; didn't you hear me when I pounded and pounded on the door last night?"

"No, Aunt Prudence, true as preachin', I did not." And he did not.

The truth was that poor Peter had fallen from his integrity, even in these times of the great revivals. He had discovered that the great hall window was as handy as a door, and that he had only to leave it unfastened to return to the house at any time of the night without disturbing the sound slumbers of good Aunt Prudence. He was careful in taking this liberty to first lock his own room. These were wicked ways, it is true, and very bold ones for a quiet youth, and quite inconsistent with meeting-going habits. But the meetings at this period were wonderfully dramatic; everybody talked about them, and Peter's curiosity quite overcame his moral sense.

The holidays were at hand. Thanksgiving was Aunt Prudence's great annual festival, her Feast of Tabernacles; she made little account of Christmas, which, she told Peter, was a mere "relic of the Pope and the Dragon," and which he associated with an old picture in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Watch Night was the great annual occasion of the old Bristol Methodists. It took place on New-Year's Eve, when a great assembly used to meet to sing the old Wesleyan Watch Night hymns, written by Wesley for the Old London Foundry, and to watch "the old year out and the new year in." The services of the Presiding Elder were sometimes secured for this memorable night, and if so, a "Love Feast" was held, and a multitude told their experiences, amid triumphant responses, ecstatic refrains, and some times strange exhibitions of trance, or of "losing one's strength," as the old phenomena were called.

Christmas was the Episcopal festival, and the Episcopal church in Bristol was unlike any other at that time. It followed the revival methods of Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon. Christmas Eve was an occasion of universal charity. The poor were the guests of the church, and were entertained like princes. Peter well understood all these festivals, and he resolved to attend them all, the old Orthodox church's Thanksgiving, the Episcopal festival, and the Methodists' solemn jubilee on New-Year's Eve. There was nothing sectarian about him. It was also his intention not to disturb the mind of Aunt Prudence about these matters, the easy hall window would make it unnecessary.

Thanksgiving passed—it fell late this year; December came in mildly, as though the bright days were loath to go. The stillness before the winter storms filled the air. The withered grasses were silent now, without the voice of insect or bird. A white gull sometimes cleaved the still gray air, and the wild cry of the shore birds was sometimes heard. The nights were silvery and cold. The Mount Hope Bay and the Pocasset Hills in the frosty moonlight recalled the silence and melancholy fate of that ancient race which slumbered in the browned fields, Pometacom's cliff and spring. The night air seemed peopled with shadows of painted chiefs and spectral armies forever gone. The river weeds were dead, and encased in a thin sheet of ice in the early mornings. Brown leaves still hung on the oaks, and red leaves of ivy on the long walls. Husking was over, and the yellow cones of the stalks of corn fodder glimmered on every farm. The fishing-boats were hauled upon the shore; everything—the sky, the blue bay, the fields, the working-men—seemed waiting for the coming of winter. The mild days grew shorter and shorter; the tall candles burned lower and lower each evening; the nights were glorious, and Christmas Eve came, rung in by the resonant bell of good St. Michael's.

Aunt Prudence had resolved to depart from the orthodox customs on this special year, and to make Peter a Christmas present. "He has become such a good boy of late," she reasoned, "and so steady. Every one else is giving presents, and he ought to be rewarded." She planned to fill a bag with good things for him after the manner of the bountiful bag, and to hang it on his bedroom door on Christmas Eve. He would, as she thought, find it in the morning, and it would be a great surprise to him. It certainly would. She made the bag, purchased some sweetmeats for it, and began to fill it with useful articles. She knit for it a "comforter," as a neck-scarf was called, several pairs of stockings, some "galluses," and secured for it various other useful things, among them *Hervey's Meditations*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *The Fool of Quality*, all famous books in those sober days, and "good readin'."

When the bag was nearly full it occurred to her that she ought to knit for it a pair of mittens. This happy thought, however, did not occur to her until the day before Christmas. Aunt Prudence was a rapid knitter. The needles flew under her skilled fingers so swiftly as to look like mere glimmers. "I can finish the mittens before eleven o'clock to-night," she said to herself, "and then the bag will be all complete. I had as lief sit up late tonight as not, the nights are so long now."

Peter retired early that evening.

"Going?" said Aunt Prudence as he left the room with his candle. "You seem dreadful sleepy of late. Well, that's all right, I suppose. Boys *do*, when they're growing. Don't forget to say your prayers, Peter. You've a great deal to be thankful for. Good-night, Peter. The Lord bless ye!"

Peter closed the door on receiving this serene benediction.

"He's such a steady boy!" said the good woman as she resumed her knitting. "He sha'n't lose anything by it, either. Any boy will be steady if he is brought up right. There's the trouble, people do not bring their children up right." Her needles flew. It was inspiring to recall her great success in training Peter.

It was a still night. There was a faint moon, and the stars glimmered thick in the cloudless sky. Aunt Prudence looked out of the window at times, saw the still fields and bare trees, and thought of the past. The Mount seemed haunted—it always does on calm winter nights. Not by Leif, or Kidd, or the Royalls, or by Indian-fighters, or Revolutionary heroes, or statesmen, but by that vanished and mysterious race whose forest capital was here, and whose arrow-heads still fill the fields and sand.

At nine the old Bristol bell rang out on the clear air.

"I shall have the work all done by ten," said Aunt Prudence, and her needles flew again. She was very happy. She got up and looked out of the window for the tenth time—ghost-land.

The hands on the old English clock pointed to ten. The work was done, and Aunt Prudence drew the top of the bag together, and pinned upon the tape handle a sheet of paper, on which was written,

"*Peter Fayerweather, a Present.*"

It was half past ten before Aunt Prudence opened the door to go with the bag bountiful to the door of Peter's room. As she did so she thought that she heard a noise in the hall. She stepped back and listened with a beating heart. She surely heard the hall window close, and a careful step in the hall. Her heart bounded, and she gasped for breath; she had long had a presentiment of this danger.

She locked her door at once, withdrew the key, and kneeled down on the rug and looked through the key-hole very cautiously. There was only a faint moon and star light in the hall, but she saw the shadow of a tall man pass, and heard a dull step move in the direction of Peter's room. Her house had been entered, surely—the expected event had really come. What should she do?

"PETER AWOKE, HIS HEART SEEMED TO STOP, AND HIS BLOOD TO TURN TO FROZEN STREAMS AS HE SAW AN AWFUL WHITE SPECTRE."

She stepped into her bedroom, which opened out of her sitting-room, where she had been knitting, and sunk down upon the white bed and drew the bed-curtains. She would have groaned, but she dared not. Here she lay and trembled till the old clock struck eleven, the strokes sounding like a warning through the hollow rooms.

She must alarm Peter. How? Suppose she were to meet the robber in the hall? Her nervous system was so shaken that she felt that she could not be quiet any longer. She must do some-

thing, at any event. She arose, put aside the bed-curtains, drew from the bed the white counterpane, put it over her head like a great shawl, wrapped it around her, and going into the sitting-room, took the almost extinct candle, and unlocked the door and stepped cautiously into the hall. If ever a mortal looked like the traditional spectre, Aunt Prudence did then.

The hall was empty; all was still. The grim old portraits were there—like shadow people they were all.

She left the sitting-room door open, and moved silently and cautiously along toward Peter's room. She tried Peter's door. A great sense of relief came to her; it was unlocked. She opened it slowly, but a draught blew out the light. Terrified at this, she glided to Peter's bed and seized the boy by the hair, gasping, "Peter, Peter, there's a man in the house! Get up, get up! there's a man in the house!" She shook him with a nervous energy, and repeated in stage-like whispers the words. She then vanished out of the room.

Peter awoke at the first touch of the rude hand, and his heart seemed to stop, and his blood to turn to frozen streams as he saw an awful white spectre standing over his bed and felt its bony fingers in his hair. Penelope flashed upon him. It surely was the ghost of Penelope; she had got away from the other world this time, surely, despite his reason and philosophy. He looked around wildly, saw the shadow of the old ox-saddle that adorned this room as a curiosity—and Penelope, awful Penelope.

Penelope's final shake of his great shoulders nearly put a period to his unromantic history. A chill like death came over him, and he fully believed that his last moments had come. The gasped words, "There's a man in the house—get up!" were something of a relief. "A man!" If he would only appear! Then he beheld the unearthly white figure vanish through the door. It surely was Penelope. She had gone; and oh, if *the* man, if any man, would come!

He lay petrified for a moment, and then thought of the old smoke chamber. His decision was immediate. He leaped up, drew the dark patch-work coverlid around him, and darted up-stairs. Past loom, hatchel, and spinning-wheel, he made his way to the iron door, leaped into the smoke chamber, closed the door behind him, and sank down in a heap, with a most decided resolution to leave the house in the morning, forever, "true as preachin'." He drew the industrial coverlid around him, leaving only an opening for his eyes.

Aunt Prudence went back to her room, and locked the door tremblingly, and waited for Peter's step. But no Peter came. Her suspense grew unbearable again. Suddenly she too thought of the old smoke chamber, and drawing her ghostly robe again around her, she went into the hall, and silently and very cautiously made her dark way up the stairs. She too, past loom, hatchel, and spinning-wheel, found her way to the iron door, and pulling it open, prepared to enter the dark grated chamber.

If ever a mind was supped full of horror, it was Peter's when he heard a noise at the iron door, and beheld the supposed ghost of Penelope Royall, tall and avengeful, standing before him. He uttered a pitiful shriek, slid through the iron bars, and dropped down the chimney into the fireplace. There he recovered himself at once, leaped up with a bound, fled from the house, and almost flew toward the town.

But Aunt Prudence? Shocked on finding the supposed robber in the old smoke chamber, she too fled precipitately for the outside door, turning over the spinning-wheel in her flight. Once into the open air, she made equal speed toward the slumbering village.

She did not see the form of Peter in advance of her, but he paused a moment for breath, and saw the supposed form of Penelope pursuing him, "all in white." It stimulated his resolution to gain the town. It was a mile or more from the Mount Hope farms to the old village, and Peter fleeing from the ghost, and Aunt Prudence from the robber, went over this distance in a very brief part of the midnight hour.

The Bristol clock struck the hour of twelve. An out-of-town Christmas Eve party were returning home at this late hour on foot, and on the skirts of the village were surprised by Peter, wrapped in his odd blanket. The merrymakers knew him well, laughed, and plied him with questions.

"The ghost!" he shrieked, as soon as he could recover his voice, and pointed to the hill; "Penelope!"

The astonished young people looked in the direction in which Peter had pointed. There surely was a tall white form that seemed to have wings and to come half flying toward them through the air. They had heard of such things, but had never seen one before. Had they numbered but two or three they would have fled, but there were some ten or twelve in the party, and they waited the coming of the strange apparition.

"'Tis me she's after—Penelope—'tis me," screamed Peter. "The Lord have mercy upon me! My time is come now, true as preachin'."

The white figure was soon before them. It no sooner reached the place than it sunk down upon the earth.

"Take me home with you; there's a robber in the house."

A ghost and a robber!

"It's Aunt Prudence Wardwell," said one of the young men, after a pause, on hearing such a midnight tale. "Why, Aunt Prudence, what *is* the matter?"

"Protect me—take me home, somewhere. Oh, there's a robber in the house—a robber!"

"Here's Peter," said the young man. "I thought he lived with you."

"Peter?" gasped the woman all in white.

"Yes. Here, Peter, what *does* this mean?"

"I—I—thought, oh, I thought, Aunt Prudence, that you was a ghost. I did, true as preachin'."

"How did you get here, Peter? Oh, there's a robber in the house. Did you hear me when I called you? I saw him enter by the window—saw him with my own eyes, Peter. He's hid in the old smoke chamber. Oh, Peter, where shall we go, oh! oh!"

It was all clear to Peter now, painfully clear; the cloud had lifted.

"It was *me*, aunty."

"What?" Aunt Prudence's tall form rose slowly.

"It was me who got into the house by the window."

"You?"

"Yes—I must confess—I run away and went to the town to the festival. I did—I must confess—true as preachin'."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Peter, let's go home. What two dreadful-looking objects we are! I ain't afraid of ghosts."

"And I ain't afraid of no robbers, nor no such. What a time we've made of it!—and the folks will all laugh at us too. Let's go home. That's the place for us, true as preachin'."

The Robber and Ghost, two spectral figures, departed, with a great sense of relief, but with many reserved opinions. Peter never received the present of the bountiful bag, but neither ghosts nor robbers were ever known to trouble the Royall house again. It became a very quiet place, and Peter Fayerweather settled down there to his pastoral and domestic duties, and really fulfilled Aunt Prudence's hopes of him, his thrifty farming doing real credit to the beautiful and historic Mount Hope lands.

DR. BARLOW'S PREPARATIONS.

By MARIA LOUISE POOL.

It is not our custom to take lodgers. I know we might gain a penny now and then in that way, but we would rather pick huckleberries at ten cents a quart than have strange people about. How can one ever know what a tin peddler might take it into his head to do after he had put his horse up in our barn and had pulled his cart under the shed? And it is tin peddlers principally that want lodgings in this part of the country. Besides, it is irritating to be forced to take payment in tin dishes when you already have all of those articles you will ever be likely to need.

It is our misfortune that our house is very large, and has that indescribable appearance which always belongs to houses where people do take lodgers. This look we have never been able to eradicate, and first and last it has brought us a great deal of trouble. No one ever believes us when we say we do not put up travellers for the night, for even the very wood-shed contradicts our assertion. All the neighbors always send agents and the like to us, and I can never find it in my heart to blame them when I walk by our establishment and look at it as a stranger might do. This aspect of our dwelling I consider as primarily the reason that my face is in its present condition. When I look in the glass I—But I ought to begin at the beginning.

One night last week, as Amabel and I were coming home from calling at a friend's house, we saw two figures on our piazza. They were sitting on the bench, and seemed reposing themselves as those who had a right and were sure of their welcome: evidently acquaintances awaiting our arrival. It was growing dusk, and at first we did not know if they were men or women; but as we entered the yard they rose and came forward into the glow of light from the west, and we saw that they were women, plain and respectable, just as our friends usually seem.

As we approached each other I was seized with a harrowing conviction that I knew them, that they were probably dear to me, only at the moment I could not quite identify them. I was sure, however, that a word or look would soon reveal them so unmistakably that we should rush forward and kiss each other with a joyful welcome. It was embarrassing thus to feel sure they were dear, and yet not be able to lay my hand on the precise affection on the instant. I felt like a woman who fails to find something she wants in a tumbled bureau drawer. These two had come to visit us, of course. How ashamed I should soon be that I had not known them! They looked so pleased to see us, and each had a little bag in her hand. This was one of the rare moments when I forgot that it was our fate to seem to take lodgers. Yes, these must be old school-mates whom I had once loved ardently, and they were waiting for me to recall that love. Even their little bags seemed to reproach me for the oblivion into which I had fallen in my middle age. The entire group was smiling inanely, and I continued in a state of frantic mental groping, which I felt could not endure much longer.

The woman in the gray dress—one was clad in black, the other in gray—advanced a step in front of her companion and began speaking. She said they were intending to go to Plainville but as it was getting late another lady at the next house had told them that we would doubtless take them for the night and they gave twenty-five cents apiece for their lodging and they were canvassing in the vicinity and should not need any breakfast and she hoped we should find it convenient to keep them. All the time that these words were coming copiously and without punctuation from the lips of the one woman, the other kept bowing and smiling an accompaniment. Indeed every time we looked at this other—she in the black frock—she bowed and smiled, showing two prominent white teeth, and wriggling with her neck and head in a way that was confusing in the last degree. I was now thankful to be relieved from the effort to remember and love them.

While we stood undecided, after hearing this short speech, I glanced involuntarily once more at the black one. She immediately bowed and smiled again, reducing my mind to such a pulpy state that I also did as she had done, and then said that I supposed we would keep them, though it was not our habit, and we always made it a point to refuse all tin peddlers, and it was not our habit— Here I floundered and paused, then bowed and smiled again, and the gray one repeated that they would not need any breakfast as they had it with them and would rise about seven as they were canvassing in the neighborhood.

We never knew just how it was done, but in a few moments we had the two strangers in the west room, and Amabel and I were making a bed for them in the spare chamber, asking each other in whispers for what these women were canvassing, and what kind of a breakfast they could have in their little satchels. We decided that the bags could only contain some condensed kind of nourishment like Murdock's Liquid Food; and could it be they were canvassing for that, and showing at the same time how independent it made one of common victuals? And we asked one another if, after this, we should really have to go right on taking lodgers, as we were already considered to do.

When we went down-stairs we found the two, one on each side of the table, each looking with intentness at a photograph album; we respected ourselves too much not to have such albums in our parlor. The black-clad one directly looked up, bowed, and smiled, and before I could prevent myself I did the same. I am sure that one who has not tried it knows nothing whatever of what a weakening and depleting effect this continual bowing and smiling has on the mind. Experience of only half an hour will prove the truth of my statement. If you doubt it, please experiment; if you do not feel—yes, and look—like an idiot before thirty minutes are out, you are made of stronger stuff than the ordinary mortal.

I sat down by one and Amabel sat down by the other, and as each stranger turned the leaves of her album we told all about the original of each photograph. This must have been torture to our guests, but I did not care if it were. I knew it was the custom in the neighborhood to entertain all comers in this way, no matter if the photographs were of entire strangers, and I was not going to do less than my neighbors. Did I not remember how I had sat over at Mr. Lander's, only last week, through three albums and a box of old ambrotypes, all of people whom I had never seen, and whom I hated fervently after I had heard a sketch of each life and of the lives of their husbands and wives? And I know that when I next go to Mr. Lander's I shall be shown the same likenesses, and Mrs. Lander will lay it up against me if I fail to remember which died of typhoid, and which had typhoid but did not die.

Seeing our lodgers by the light of the lamp, we now discovered that the spokeswoman, she in gray, had not any smile; in its stead she had a certain movement of the nose and upper lip, which answered just as well, and had the advantage of not being so confusing. She continually referred to the other one as "Sister Emma," and Sister Emma never failed with her smile and bow. But she was not dumb, for we heard her talking after they went upstairs. Perhaps she was shy; perhaps she considered that she could do better than talk.

Naturally we asked for what they were canvassing. At this question they looked at each other so very queerly that I had instantly a creepy sensation down my backbone at the thought that they were going to stay all night with us. After this mutual glance the speaking one replied that they had "toilet articles." I felt that toilet articles covered a wide range of things; they might be bureaus or fine-tooth combs they were selling. If the former, they were certainly not carrying them in their satchels, unless by a feat of legerdemain. Before the evening was over I had done so much responsive smiling and nodding that I would not have been surprised if a whole chamber set had appeared from one of the bags; in fact I almost looked to see a wash-stand at least. They did not seem inclined to reveal any more definitely what they were selling, and we felt that it would be indelicate to press them. Still we could not help asking ourselves why we should not be as likely to purchase as any one. Did they consider us as beyond the necessity for toilet articles?

Just as they were going upstairs to bed, as the clock was striking nine, the spokeswoman turned to me as I stood at the foot, made that motion of the nose and lip, and said she would like to see me on private business in the morning. At the same time, from behind, Sister Emma smiled and bowed, and then I was left standing helpless in the hall, looking up the stairs along which the two had disappeared.

Before retiring, Amabel and I held a smothered conversation in the remotest corner of the house, the principal part of this conversation being a discussion as to whether dynamite could be considered a toilet article. Amabel, I found, had determined in her own mind that the hand-bags held dynamite, and that their owners were female Nihilists. She was also resolved that she should wake in the air, if she ever waked at all, after having been blown there by an explosion which had shattered our old farm-house, and put an end to all things earthly, as far as we were concerned.

She said she would prefer that the house should be full of tin peddlers. Anything would be better than two women, one of whom could not smile, while the other could do nothing else. Here she interrupted her remarks to go and count the spoons and to hide them in a pile of old newspapers. She thought that if she waked to find herself alive in the morning she should be so thankful that she would not care to receive the half-dollar promised us.

At first we decided that we would take turns in sitting up all night, but in talking thus we both became so sleepy that we retired directly. Of course I awoke just as the clock struck midnight. Equally of course I thought I heard a sound down-stairs. The setter in the yard was barking furiously, and the terrier in the back porch was doing the same. With much trembling and a small night lamp I crept down-stairs, and found Amabel just coming up from the cellar. She explained that she awoke, and suddenly it came to her that when the explosion occurred it would be better for the spoons if they were in the cellar; that they were there now, and she thought she should rest easier to be blown up with nothing on her mind.

Having made this confession, she glanced furtively at me; then turned a little aside as she drew from the folds of the shawl she had about her a small pistol which had been in the house as our protection for several years. It was not one of the kind of weapons which will never go off when you want it to do so. It was of a different kind entirely. It was a dreadful little thing, for it would fire itself any time, or it made one think it would, which amounted to much the same thing so far as nerves are concerned. I used to believe that if you looked at that pistol it would begin to fire, and when once it began there was no stopping it until the five chambers were empty. The revolving part would whiz around under the trigger, and the shot would fly. Perhaps I am not stating the peculiarities of this pistol with scientific accuracy, but I am telling correctly the general effect it produced. It was a good while since we had deemed it safe to have it loaded. I was greatly alarmed when I saw this revolver in Amabel's hand. I wanted to run out of the room, but I knew that if it should suddenly begin to fire I ought to be present, either to rescue Amabel or to die with her. She saw my look of terror, and hastened to say that every barrel was empty, but she somehow had thought she should feel safer if she had the pistol with her when she went down cellar.

After this we again went to our rooms, and slept soundly until morning. In my dreams, however, I occasionally wondered concerning that private interview which was to take place between me and Sister Emma's sister. Amabel and I were up very early. Before six o'clock we had milked the cows, and had our daily struggle with the hens that wanted to sit. We leisurely ate our breakfast and washed the dishes. At eight there was not a sound in the room where reposed the mysterious two. The silence had not been broken at nine, and they had said they would rise at seven. Whispering together in the kitchen, Amabel was of opinion that the occupants of that chamber had crept away noiselessly, but that they had left a slow fuse burning which would eventually reach something which would blow us up. It was wonderful how Amabel clung to that idea. We took our coffee from tin spoons, because my friend said she would not bring the silver from the cellar while those creatures were in the house. The tin spoons and the strangeness diffused over the whole place made us feel as if we were at some new kind of a picnic. The setter was sniffing suspiciously in the yard, and the terrier was sniffing suspiciously in the house.

We had intended driving to the next town on business this morning, but how could we leave until our lodgers had gone? I harnessed the horse into the buggy, and ostentatiously brought him around and hitched him below the guest-chamber window, talking loudly to him as I did so. After this, as the clock was striking ten, we heard a rustle above. The next moment the rustle was on the stairs, and then the speaking one stood in the door of the sitting-room. She said that Sister Emma had been quite fatigued, and could she see me privately? I conducted her into the west room, and as I went Amabel whispered that I might better take the pistol. I could appropriately have given her the same advice, for I saw that she was to be left with Sister Emma.

I do not think I have ever been so curious in my life as I was when this person drew her chair close to mine. I had a fleeting suspicion that she was going to mesmerize me, while Sister Emma in the other room did the same for Amabel.

That idea vanished when she remarked, with entire unexpectedness, that she had noticed that my complexion was very poor. Yes, I said, I knew it was. She went on to state that she was sorry to perceive several ugly moth patches on my face. I acknowledged the truth as regards the moth patches.

"And," said this ruthless wretch, "you are no longer young."

I sat silent and miserable.

She snapped open her bag, and without looking in it, she drew out a small bottle, two small bottles, one with white stuff in it, the other with red; also two small fragments of linen cloth. "Dr. Barlow," she began, with great gentleness, as if she were sorry she had been obliged to tell me that I had moth patches and that I was no longer young—"Dr. Barlow had just such cases as mine in mind when he prepared this which I am introducing. It is not only entirely harmless, but full of healing properties for the scarf-skin and the cutis. It is not necessary that you go through life so plain that even your friends cannot— Pardon me; I must speak the truth at such times."

I winced visibly. Yes, I knew I was plain. But was I so horrible? My companion seemed so tender with me that I could not be angry. Here was one who was at last telling me the truth.

"If you will allow me to make one application now, I am sure you will be grateful to me forever, and you will never be without these toilet articles."

I drew back a little; but I said to myself, what if I should al-

low this? She softly advanced, telling me that the healing properties of Dr. Barlow's preparations were indeed wonderful.

While speaking she was cautiously passing a cloth over my forehead and cheeks. She remarked on the folly of those who rejected Dr. Barlow's gift to the plain.

"Not that you will any longer be plain," she asserted.

Inwardly I said that, just as a joke, I would let her go on. It could not have been vanity that influenced me? She went on. She was very expert in her work. In less than half an hour she drew a small mirror from her bag and held it before me. At first I thought the glass was giving the reflection of some one else, and I moved slightly that I might see my own face.

"Is it not an improvement?" she asked. "Only one dollar for the large bottles, three for two dollars and a half. No lady should be without them."

I continued looking at the reflection. I could not help smiling at the brilliance before me.

"Will it wash?" I asked, as if I were speaking of a piece of calico.

"It will require many days to wash it off," she answered, proudly. "Three bottles for two dollars and a half. No lady can respect herself who does not use it. Not only harmless, but beneficial to the pores of the skin."

In the silence which followed I began to be alarmed. I began to think I had been a fool. I wondered if the dogs would know me. And yet I sighed. How dazzling with beautifully blended red and white I was! Ever since I could recollect anything I had longed to know how I should look if I had a good complexion. I laughed. Did I really begin to crack?

"Warranted not to crack," said the agent. "Elastic, flexible, and healthful. No one would know you."

It was true. I did not know myself. I inquired what happened to this kind of a complexion if the owner of it milked a cow and did other unladylike "chores." I was assured that nothing would have any effect upon this skin or substitute for skin, it was so elastic and beneficial.

"And I could get it off?" I asked.

"Not for some days."

"Would a trowel and a small rake have any effect?" I next questioned.

My companion stared at me—she snapped her bag shut. She said I could have three bottles for two dollars and a half, as Dr. Barlow was desirous of benefiting the human race rather than of making money. I stood still, looking at her. Then I begged her to allow me to take her hand-mirror again. I gazed at myself so long that she touched my arm anxiously and said that I could always present that appearance if I would use Dr. Barlow's preparations, which were beneficial to the pores of the skin. I did not answer. I was absorbed. Finally, without taking my eyes from the glass, I said that perhaps I could peel it off. I had seen children peel off the complexions of their dolls when they were tired of them.

The glass was silently taken from my hand, and the woman moved toward the door, murmuring, "Beneficial as well as beautifying." At this moment I heard Amabel's voice in the hall. An overpowering curiosity came to me. I pushed forward and seized Amabel's arm. I gazed at her. Her face was in its natural state. She answered my gaze with eyes that bulged from her head. At last she said, mournfully, that she had never expected to live to see me enamelled.

I whispered that it was beneficial to the pores of the skin, and I added, feebly, "also to the general health." While I was saying this, Sister Emma and her sister walked away.

Amabel took me into the kitchen, where there was plenty of soap and water. I was deadly afraid lest some of the neighbors should come in before I could run from the room. The minister's wife was coming to take tea with us in the afternoon, and there was the horse waiting for us to go and do our errands. It soon transpired that though olive oil, lavishly used, would do very little for my enamel, it would yet do more than anything else. At the end of an hour and a half we knew that we had done all we could; Amabel said that I should be obliged to have a nervous attack and keep my room for a week or so. I told her that I could have a nervous attack easier than I could have anything else.

While I sat with my face swathed in towels, Amabel suddenly thought of the spoons in the cellar. She hastened to get them and count them. They were all there. As she put the last one in the holder the same thought came to us both: the women had not paid for their lodging. But Amabel insisted that I, at least, was amply paid.

True to her original theory, my friend now hurried up to the chamber lately occupied by Sister Emma and her sister to see if they had left a fuse that should burningly linger until it eventually blew us up. But she found none. The minister's wife did not come in the afternoon. She sent word she had a violent headache.

When Amabel returned from church the next Sunday, whither I had reasons for not accompanying her, she said that the minister's wife was not there, and that the minister had stammered and blushed as he had said that his wife's head was still very bad. When she had informed me of this, Amabel kindly made an application of sweet-oil to my face. As she did so she remarked that the minister's wife was young, but she hadn't a very good complexion, and did I think—

"Impossible!" I interrupted. "He would not have allowed it."

Neither Amabel nor I ever knew how anything about my condition got abroad, but three days later I had the following note from the minister's wife:

"My dear Friend,—You might try olive-oil, well rubbed in, for your face. Henry and I find that it succeeds better than anything for mine. Isn't it horrid? But I was crazy to try it. Henry was away, you know. I have solemnly promised him never to be enamelled again. Only think, I bought three bottles for two dollars and a half. As you have no husband, I should think you might be enamelled as often as you like. Henry forbade my going out, but I really looked beautiful. Isn't it awfully funny? I think it will be all off before another week; don't you?

"Yours in red and white."

Amabel still says that she wishes our pistol had begun to go off when those women were here, not thinking that the weapon has no discretion, and might have hit us instead of them. Besides, it was not loaded.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

THE old gentleman Mr. Reinhart has sketched was of mature age when the Declaration of Independence rang through the land, and when the battles came he took a hand in the strife. He voted for his own General George Washington, saw the last century close, the beginning of this; for within himself he combines much of the past and some little of the present. He still dons a cocked hat, wears a heavy cloak, a blue coat with metal buttons, and sports breeches and top-boots. His get-up would not be complete without his voluminous cravat and its edging of real Mechlin. Santa Claus may be considered as rather a Netherlandish than an American or English saint, and so there might be some doubt as to the origin of the old gentleman or the exact locality. It might be a Christmas Day in Massachusetts or Virginia. We should rather incline, from evidences derivable from the buildings, toward the belief that our ancient grandfather was a Virginian, because the church is precisely of that solid type found to-day in Virginia. You see these places of worship now all grown over in the summer-time with climbing vines, and they are as solid and substantial as the day when they were built. It is a house of some importance the old gentleman is about entering. He has rapped once with the knocker, and he awaits the opening of the door. Certainly there is some little one inside who has been anxiously expecting that grandsire's coming; has listened for the foot-falls as they crunched through the snow, and the stamping of the boots to get rid of the rime.

They did not fashion automatic toys in those days, but good solid ones. You can find a horse as a plaything made out of clay among the works of the earliest known families of men. If in the selection of toys the giver of such delightful things be ever in doubt, take anything that has an equine resemblance for a boy, and there is no possibility of having made a bad choice. If there were a museum of toys illustrating the childish demands of the past, how many variants of the horse there would be! Of dolls such a collection has been made, and a very remarkable one is it. There is a charming look of expectancy on the old gentleman's face. He anticipates the cries of joy, the huggings from some little child, and his old heart will be warmed, for human nature has never changed. He does not attempt to conceal his wooden charger under the folds of his cloak, for the horse is too big, too self-asserting, for that. There were no æsthetic movements in those days, when toy-makers were influenced by art, and toy horses were more or less conventional, but amateurs in such matters will notice how the mane sticks up, and the tail has a wild and untamed set. The little boy who is to receive it will be certain that it is just like that famous war-horse his grandfather rode at Trenton or at Yorktown. Since this particular type of old Santa Claus has passed away many others have been in vogue, but none has been more happily conceived than the one Mr. Reinhart has so sympathetically drawn.

WOMEN VOTERS IN BOSTON.

THE uprising of the women voters of Boston at the municipal election in that city last week exhibited not a few interesting phases. It has deservedly attracted the attention of the country, both on account of the results it is believed to have wrought in connection with the management of the public schools there, as well as for the unusual scenes which have been witnessed in the various stages of its development. Although a complete list of city officers, from the Mayor down, were chosen at the election on Tuesday, the 11th inst., the choice of members of the School Board, to which task the Boston women gave their exclusive attention, appears to have transcended all other issues involved in the campaign. The municipal election in Boston this year, therefore, may rightly be said to have been the women's battle, and the women availed themselves of their privileges to an extent never before witnessed in that city, or in any other municipality in this section of the country.

The law giving the women the right to vote for school committees in the cities and towns of Massachusetts was incorporated in the statutes ten years ago, in compliance with the very general sentiment in all intelligent communities that their interest in the welfare of the public schools entitled them to participate in their government, both as electors and as members of school boards, if their fellow-citizens should see fit to elect them to such positions. Nevertheless, it does not appear that the women of Boston have generally taken advantage of the opportunities thus accorded until the recent election, at least so far as going to the polls is to be accepted as a test of their active interest in school matters. Prior to this year the number of registered women voters in Boston has not far exceeded one thousand at any one election, or less than one per cent. of the women of voting age in the city. Last year the names of but about eight hundred women were placed on the voting lists, and only seven hundred put in an appearance at the polls. This year, on the other hand, they appear to have asserted their rights in a most emphatic manner, and when the voting list was made up for the municipal election the names of no less than twenty thousand two hundred and sixteen women were found there. Over twenty-five thousand women had previously gone through the process of getting themselves assessed for a State, county, or town tax, in accordance with the provisions of the law prescribing the qualifications of women voters, and all but five thousand of this number, apparently, became fully qualified as voters. The minimum tax was fixed at fifty cents, which was the modest sum paid by each woman in order to secure a receipted tax bill.

The causes which led to this remarkable demonstration on the part of the women had their origin as far back as May last, when Rev. Father Metcalf, of the Gate of Heaven Roman Catholic Church, complained, in a letter addressed to the Boston School Board, that twice within two months Master Travis, of the English High-School, had "trespassed on the forbidden ground of religion, and made statements which were an outrage upon Catholics in his endeavor to explain a question of Catholic doctrine." Master Travis, it was charged, had taught that an indulgence was "a permission to commit sin," and had illustrated his teachings by informing his pupils that "should a murderer be brought before a judge he would only have to put his hand in his pocket and produce his indulgence papers in order to be pardoned." This definition, it was claimed by Father Metcalf, was "throwing contempt on the Catholic religion," and as a consequence of this complaint an investigation was ordered by the School Committee. At the hearings which followed, Master Travis stated his position, citing the language of the particular text-book used in the schools, which he claimed he had followed in his instruction. He denied that the statements made to elucidate his teachings were ever put in such a way as to throw ridicule or contempt upon any boy or upon any boy's religion. In his twenty years' service as a teacher in the public schools he declared that he had known no distinction of religion, and had avoided sectarianism to the best of his ability. As a result of this investigation the sub-committee having the matter in charge reported that they had found the charges of Father Metcalf sustained by the facts, and they recommended the removal of the text-book which, it was alleged, had tended to mislead the master, and the transfer of Master Travis to another field of duty in the school. This action was subsequently sustained by the almost unanimous action of the School Board, which included in its membership both Catholics and Protestants. The two minority votes on this question were cast by the two women members of the School Board, who opposed the recommendations of the sub-committee. Their dissent may be said to have started the uprising among the members of their own sex, and the subsequent animated discussion of the subject by the press and the pulpit soon led to the framing of an issue on which it was determined to make an effort to reconstruct the School Board. The movement thus begun does not appear to have been confined to any particular class. The aristocratic Back Bay, Beacon Hill, Dorchester, and Roxbury contributed their full quota of women voters, as well as the North End and the South Cove districts. The young, the old, and the middle-aged, rich and poor, black and white, Roman Catholics and Protestants, all joined in the throng of women who went to the polls to cast their ballots. The importance of the women exercising this right of suffrage was everywhere dwelt upon, and the women's clubs, of which there is no lack in Boston, impressed upon their members the duty of voting.

The scenes and incidents attending the development of this remarkable movement were not without their odd features. The manner in which the women flocked to the City Hall, when the preliminary work of getting themselves assessed began, was something entirely novel in municipal politics. No sooner was the excitement fairly started than it became a kind of a craze, and they rallied, in fair weather and foul, in astonishing numbers. In the short period of six days no less than fifteen thousand women applied for their tax bills, and long queues filed into the office of the assessors in a manner to suggest the opening of the Symphony Concert season rather than the prosaic duty of qualifying to vote. Mothers came with their daughters, and in some cases they brought their women-servants along to swell the throng. Domestic affairs were allowed to drift, for the time being, in order that the duties of the women as voters might be attended to. So great was the rush for a while that the men who were qualifying at the same time found it difficult to get any attention until after a long wait, and an extra force of clerks had to be called in to meet the emergency. The humors of this campaign came out most prominently at the registration office, where each would-be voter was put through a rigid examination as to her qualifications for exercising the highest privilege of citizenship. The questions with which the women were plied by the registrars not infrequently had an effect to deter some of the more sensitive women from going through the ordeal. Several spinsters of doubtful age preferred to preserve the secret as to date of their birth to becoming full-fledged voters. One gave her age as "twenty-one plus," resolutely declining to be more definite, and as a necessary consequence failed to get her name registered after she had paid her tax bill. It seems not to have occurred to many of the women that the registrars were simply performing their sworn duty in thus catechising them, and as a consequence complaints were frequently heard that the officers were trying to make fun of a serious matter. The ordeal at the polls on election day was a less trying one for these new voters. They had to run the gauntlet of scores of eager ballot distributors of both sexes, to be sure, but after having accomplished this task, and having selected their ballot, the simple duty of announcing their names and residences to the inspectors in charge of the ballot-box and depositing their votes was all that remained to be done. No distinctively women's ticket was put in the field, and the women voters were therefore left free to choose between those candidates put forward by the regular party organizations and by the citizens irrespective of party. The names of but two women appeared in the list of the twelve candidates that were voted for on each of the tickets, so that it can hardly be said that the women took advantage of their strength to draw the line in their own favor. Some voted according to their own, their husband's, or their father's politics, some according to their religion, but by far the larger number cast their ballots for the candidates whom they believed to be best fitted for the duties to be assigned to them, irrespective of narrower considerations. This is rightly regarded as the most gratifying feature of this demonstration of the Boston women voters, which marks an epoch in the history of the government of the Boston schools.

DINNER-TIME IN A MINING TOWN.

IT is not generally known, perhaps, that the casual visitor to a mining town may take his choice, when the mid-day dinner hour arrives, from a positively startling array of famous hostelries. He may, if he will, tuck his attenuate silver-knobbed umbrella under his arm, thrust his monocle into his left eye, turn up his London-made trousers, and stroll down the main street undecided whether to bestow his patronage upon Delmonico's, the Café Brunswick, the Maison Dorée, Parker's, or the Fifth Avenue. He is likely to see all of them if he passes in review the entire list. It is quite immaterial upon which establishment his choice finally falls. If he elects to associate with the upper classes he may probably decide to pay seventy-five cents or a dollar for his repast, or he may economize to the extent of a quarter of a dollar and dine for fifty cents at some comparatively unfashionable resort. In either event he is likely to sit between flannel-clad persons with the stain of gold-bearing mud upon their garments, slouch hats upon their heads, and an inexhaustible supply of rough-and-ready Saxon in their speech.

In the higher priced establishments, patronized by engineers, superintendents, and transient capitalists, a portion of the guests may see fit to remove their hats while seated, but, as in the British House of Commons, it is not considered particularly good form to do so.

One experience of a promenade *en habit*, as it were, on the principal thoroughfare, is enough to send a sensitive soul to the nearest place where he can procure a pair of miner's boots wherein to conceal the lower portion of his trousers, a felt hat, and some kind of a coat not conspicuous for its fashionable cut. Even when clad more in accordance with local style he is tolerably certain to come in for a share of good-natured guying on the part of miners off duty; but if he is possessed of a fair share of tact and a goodly stock of dark-hued but inexpensive cigars, brought from the East for gratuitous distribution, he will soon find himself treated with merited consideration.

When the twelve-o'clock whistle blows at the stamping-mill the "day shift" cheerfully throws down its tools and makes a rush *en masse* for the hotel centres, whence promptly upon the stroke of twelve there arise a clanging of bells, a tooting of horns, a tinkling of triangles, stentorian oral invitations to dine, and in short all the devices for attracting attention and consequent ducats that the ingenuity or the resources of the proprietor can command.

In front of the "Commercial" an aged darky swings two bells in the confident belief that no one can hear the tin horn at the "Grand Hotel" opposite; "Delmonico's," a little farther down the street, draws music from a large triangle, while the "Brunswick," a few steps in the other direction, clashes a pair of cymbals. In view of the necessarily limited table room, promptness and energy are at a premium during the first minutes of the dinner hour, for your miner likes to enjoy his smoke, and mayhap his grog, before going to his afternoon work, and there is a choice of seats. Often there is a deal of good-natured horse-play in the opening scramble, but it is rare that anything serious ensues, though there are plenty of deadly weapons openly worn in almost any of the table groups that one may see.

A considerable proportion of the miners prefer to keep bachelors' hall, and enjoy the select society of their own cabins; but in general some kind of a combination is eventually formed whereby the services of a cook are secured, and under proper management such "messes" are usually more satisfactorily served than at such rival hotels as are afforded by the average mining town in its rudimentary stages of development.

The illustration is from a sketch made in a certain Colorado town, and may be received as typical, both as regards its architectural features and the local accessories.

SANTA CLAUS CAPTURED.—From a Sketch by Otto Walter Beck.

AGE.

So worn and bent! how piteous the change!
  Whither have all the strength and beauty fled?
What can have wrought the miracle so strange?
  "He has grown old," the angel gently said.

Splendidly strong and wise! how passing strange!
  Superb young manhood triumphing, instead
Of helpless child. What can have wrought the change?
  "He has grown old," the smiling angel said.

A. W. R.

HOW AN AFRICAN KING DOCTORED HIMSELF.

KING OKO JUMBO of Bonny—in whose august company Mrs. Ker and myself had the honor (as I have described elsewhere) of being shipwrecked upon the west coast of Africa in the summer of 1885—was said to be a bit of a humorist in his way, but *we* saw very little trace of humor about him in the course of that disastrous voyage, during the whole of which he was probably the most wretched man on board. Indeed, what with his chronic internal malady, the ceaseless rain that prevented him from coming on deck, and the prolonged sea-sickness which, like Death in Shirley's famous poem, "lays its icy hands on kings," the poor king might well be weary of life at sea.

Nor were these his only troubles. Having never been out of his own country till the trip to England from which he was returning, he had naturally very hazy ideas of geography, and doubtless imagined his little kingdom on the Bonny River (which he was pining to see) to be somewhere at the other end of the world, many long months away from him.

But one night (the very night before the shipwreck, by an ominous coincidence) we at length got him out upon the main-deck; and it was a fine sight to see our stalwart captain supporting the old man's tottering steps, and helping him on to the cane lounge set for him upon the after-hatch. The sick man brightened up wonderfully beneath the influence of good Captain Porter's cheery talk about old times in West Africa, and did his best to eat the food that we brought him; but no persuasion could induce him either to take medicine or to see the ship's doctor, who unfortunately happened to be a very young man.

"Medicine no good," said the old warrior, disdainfully; "doctor no good—no sabbee nothing. One time I sick at home; no can sleep two night. I make send for white man's doctor from English factory. White doctor come—young boy, smooth face, no sabbee nothing. I say, 'No can sleep now—you make me sleep.' Doctor say, 'S'pose you take this bottle of sleep-stuff; you drink ten-twelve drop one time, ten-twelve drop other time, you sleep good.' I take sleep-stuff; I drink him all up one time, I sleep five whole day, five whole night! Eh, captain? me sabbee better than doctor that time! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the king exploded into such boisterous laughter that all the features of his queer old face seemed to change places, and to dance a kind of insane quadrille in and out of each other, as if a hair's-breadth escape from death by an overdose of laudanum were the finest joke in the world. But I could not help thinking that there are not a few kings, in far more civilized regions than Bonny, who are just as useful and intelligent when broad-awake as poor Oko Jumbo was during his five-days' nap. DAVID KER.

A LEAF FROM A WAR DIARY.

By G. T. F.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

THERE was a vast deal of swearing and growling that morning in the rifle-pits, for the soldier, like the sailor, will spit forth his grievances in season and out of season. The night before, Grant's army, in his bloody flanking duel with Lee, had reached Spottsylvania to find the same serried walls of Confederate bayonets blocking his way. Rations were scant, the commissary wagons, miles in the rear, were stuck fast as bricks in mortar, rain had poured all night, and the picket detail went out sourly to the game of dodging lead without even a cup of coffee. Gray skies, steaming earth, wet uniforms; an exposed line, where every man burrowed a little hole, or threw up a heap of earth, or grovelled behind a tree stump; a vigilant enemy not two hundred yards away, across a wide gully, scratching gravel in similar fashion, and prompt with a bullet at sight of blue cloth—it was too dismal for any language but the staccato. The rich and varied quality of the blasphemy would have taxed even the disciplined genius of a teamster. By-and-by the sun clambered out of the fog-banks, and shone with a sickly lustre as the air lightened, but with an intensity of heat that sucked the brain dry. Cramped limbs—for no one could venture to make much stir—and the torture of thirst made every man ache with the curses that Prospero laid on Caliban. We could see the glint of the water in the run, beyond which deadly tubes lay levelled, as it swept on in glancing ripples or broke in baby cataracts, and the musical tinkle of it ravished us with delight that swiftly swung back into a sharper pain. But if the men in gray were for us the fierce guardians of that fountain of refreshment, we were the like to them. So we panted and longed and vented our spleen on any flutter of uniform that made rock or stump or mound animate.

I don't remember on which side it began. A white rag was tossed upon the point of a bayonet. In the twinkling of an eye a hundred of these jocund signals waved on both sides. Chanticleer crowed merrily from scores of throats, and lusty responses from the other side made the air alive with the notes of a rustic matin chorus. One touch of nature had renewed our kinship, and discipline melted like the frost on a window-pane. "Come and have a drink"—that genial challenge which punctuates so much of the business of peace was bandied between the friendly enemies, but this time it was for the quaffing of a vintage more sparkling and delicious than any champagne that ever beaded in crystal. What were general orders, the starch of military rule, the remonstrances of authority, before this great gush of kindness and sympathy? The officers tried to keep the men in their lines, but the impulse had got such head that it beat down opposition, which was the more feeble as the sword secretly thrilled with the same sentiment that stirred the bayonet. A thousand men along a half-mile front sprang out of ambush and stretched their legs. Rifles were stacked, and with unslung canteens the whilom foes, who had been hot for each other's blood, hastened to meet on the banks of the run and grip honest brown paws.

"How d'ye, Yank?" "How d'ye, Johnny?" went the scattered fusillade of greeting, and all gave tongue to a hubbub of chatter and laughter like that of a pack of school-boys just broke loose from the threat of birch. What a draught of paradise that water was as we drank till every man was fit to burst his skin! How beautiful the shining of it as it danced over the shallows or lay in the still pools glassing mossy pebbles in the clear cool depths, *fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro!* How every heart glowed with good-will that smoothed the "wrinkled front of war" into smiles, and made the vision of reeking shambles and savage onslaught, from which we had emerged and into which we must soon again pass, like a distempered dream! How the blue and gray chaffed in simple, homely fashion, or interchanged sheepish confidences about the girls they had left behind them!

The scenes of this idyl set in the midst of a great tragedy were so full of a rude pathos that, though now nearly a quarter of a century gone, they are as fresh as a thing of yesterday. I can still pass from group to group and hear the quaint remarks pointed with army slang, and the gruff haw-haw as Jonathan, Hans, and Patrick tossed the foot-ball of talk with their fresh-found brethren of an hour. I can still see the bronzed faces, the lean figures, the tatterdemalions in homespun, mingling fraternally with the more sleek and well-uniformed Federals. The canteens were soon filled, and their woollen jackets well soaked to keep the contents cool, and the men of both sides sprawled on the grass like merrymakers at a picnic. I had heard of similar scenes, but never of one marked by such friendly ease, a complacency, however, not shared by the officers. These more responsible watch-dogs, now that the irrepressible need of water had been met and a convention made to stop all picket-firing till further notice, were eager to withdraw the men into their lines again. All attempts to restore the discipline of war for the time availed nothing. Human nature was to the fore, and it was not to be trifled with by any such small matters as army regulations. The fascinating companionship blossomed into every manner of pleasant mutual offices, as far as the will could stand for the deed in the case of our poverty-stricken Confederate friends, or the deed could answer to the will in default of a lagging commissary train.

It was noticeable that on neither side was there any bragging of prowess. The vainglory of victory over each other when they had just warmed palms, like reunited wanderers from the same house-brood, seemed a damnable thing. Yet each man knew that twenty-four hours hence he would be as keen to fly at this brother's throat as ever, and feel the same old thrill of triumph at captured standards and a flying foe. Perhaps the dumb presence of this certainty overshadowing the touching comedy gave a more lively zest to the emotions that acted their part so well for the occasion, as the movement of a Greek play was charged with a deeper meaning by the idea of fate, against which gods and men were powerless, standing behind it all. Only once was a delicate reserve ruffled. A gaunt Carolinian Cracker snickered, "Waal, I've seen you Yanks when ye looked a derned sight less chipper, with we-uns a-peggin' the lead inter yer behinds." "Shut yer teeth, you blankety-blank clay-eater!" roared a six-footer from Lynchburg; "they've seen our backs as often as we've seen theirn." Tarheel, who had no itch to smell a sturdy Virginian fist, though manifestly suffering from another very lively sort of itch, shambled away in the sulks.

The yellow, badly printed Richmond newspapers of a late date, loaded to the muzzle with stuff to fire the Southern heart, were greedily exchanged for Northern journals. But there was another kind of barter that wakened far more interest. Though our men had gone breakfastless, their haversacks were not altogether lean. Out came the coffee to exchange for tobacco, or, if need be, give away. The hungry nostrils quivered with delight at the odor, more fragrant than the bouquet of nectar ripened in the sunshine of Burgundy to these straitened men, who had almost convinced themselves that there was no such thing as coffee left in the world. I almost expected to see fires lighted without more ado, and both sides make cheer over a common breakfast. This, however, was just the one hole too loose in the general unbuckling of belts. Many vivid little episodes stamped themselves on remembrance as parts of this extraordinary scene. It is impossible now to review all these incidents, which shew how easily the streams of human kindness flow to the milking. One thing, however, stands out among others. A grizzled Confederate, though aged more by hardship and trouble than by time, was absorbed in talk with a sergeant in blue as they lay on the grass. They took out children's photographs and showed each other, and their eyes shone and their faces puckered over the sight, as their long beards wagged rapidly in their fear lest they should be parted before they could unpack all their hearts to each other. It was a thing to make one choke with a swelling lump in the throat.

A tall noble-looking Confederate major, who commanded the detachment immediately in our front, stood a hundred yards away in the open, looking with a paternal smile on the strange spectacle, yet evidently cogitating the immediate, the pressing need of getting his own line into position again. There were ominous sounds on our extreme left, showing that the cloud of battle would soon shut out our brief spell of sunshine. Destiny settled the question through a piece of the foulest treachery, the act of a blood-thirsty savage, though every Federal soldier felt himself smirched and branded by it. A rifle cracked amidst the music of laugh and talk that seemed to preclude a final reconciliation, and the rebel major threw his arms wildly in the air, shot through the heart by a Yankee bullet.

For a moment there was no sound, but a calm like that of death. Every tongue was struck dumb, every thought stunned, every limb paralyzed, by the accursed act. Then there arose a wild tumult of rage, a clamor of curses that baffles description. "Bloody Yankee sneaks!" "Cowardly traitors!" "D——d white-livered dogs!" and a hundred other fierce epithets pelted us as the Confederates dashed like madmen for cover and their rifles. Back we too scurried to shelter, and the old game began again in deadly earnest. It was not long before some of us solved the mystery of that felon shot. A tall tree stood somewhat back from the picket-line, from the upper branches of whose leafy covert we noticed rapid firing. From time to time glimpses of a body could be seen, and by piecing facts together it became plain that the tree must have been in the line of the bullet which slew that stately Confederate major. Among those who observed the most quickly was a little red-headed Irish corporal. No shot from his rifle had been fired after our hurried return, and the frown on his freckled phiz, generally so full of "divil-me-care" fun, showed that "Paddy Fitz" was doing something very unusual for him—thinking.

"Lieutenant, avick," he finally said to an officer near him, "'twas that bloody spalpeen up there that shot the rebel major. Be the howly Mother I must have a crack at the baste or me heart will break. Ye may shoot or hang poor Pat for it, but the bullet in me gun is itchin' to be inside that divil's hide." The officer frowned slightly, shook his head without a word, and turned away his face. Shortly afterward, amidst the general firing, there was a loud crash amidst the branches of the big tree, and a heavy body fell from the top to the ground, garbed in the uniform of a celebrated sharp-shooter corps. Some of the men recognized it even in the distance. It was a half-breed Chippewa Indian; a marksman noted among marksmen. He had paid the penalty of his treachery.

A GREAT EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT.

A MAGNIFICENT gift to promote mechanical education has just been made by MR. ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON, of Philadelphia. On Saturday, December 1st, this gentleman conveyed by deed of trust property valued at five million dollars to a board of seven trustees. The conditions of the trust call for the establishment of a comprehensive system of trade schools in which boys are to have free instruction, under the most competent teachers, in any trade they prefer. A tract of ground near Philadelphia, not larger than three hundred acres in extent, and not to exceed in price four hundred dollars an acre, is to be acquired, and on this land the requisite number of substantial buildings are to be put up, designed both for class-room and dormitory purposes. Dwellings are also to be built for the instructors, and funds set apart for their support. If the five millions of the original gift prove to be inadequate for these various objects, MR. WILLIAMSON has let it be understood that he is ready to increase the endowment to ten or twelve million dollars. Hence, in its larger possibilities, the gift is one of the most stupendous in all history. Possibly no benefaction on record is greater, except the foundation of Leland Stanford Junior University by Senator STANFORD.

The trustees, who have absolute control of the property under the terms of the deed, are prominent and typical citizens of Philadelphia. The board is composed of Mr. JOHN BAIRD, president, and Messrs. WILLIAM C. LUDWIG, LEMUEL COFFIN, JOHN WANAMAKER, EDWARD LONGSTRETH, JAMES W. BROOKS, and HARRY C. TOWNSEND. They are all, with the exception of Mr. TOWNSEND, who is a lawyer, business men of large and ripe experience, and the board is regarded as one that may be depended upon to carry out the donor's benevolent plans with fidelity and intelligence.

In some respects Mr. WILLIAMSON's scheme overlaps that of GIRARD. But it is broader in its scope and is even more superb in its proportions than that magnificent charity. The first benefits in both cases go to boys born and raised in the city of Philadelphia, and then, in well-defined zones, to youth everywhere. Then, too, in both cases, the boys acquire knowledge of some useful trade. But under the GIRARD bequest these privileges are restricted to orphans, or, as the courts have construed the legacy, to half-orphans and to orphans, and the mechanical features of the institution are incidental merely. By MR. WILLIAMSON's gift, however, the benefits are open to all, and the instruction is to be wholly practical, except so far as some lessons in the ordinary school branches may be found essential to progress in mechanical skill.

MR. WILLIAMSON has been for many years one of the interesting features of Philadelphia, though a man of whom little is known save a stock of current anecdotes that illustrate his extreme penuriousness. In spite of his vast wealth, and the liberal use he has often made of it in the support of public charities, he limits his personal expenditures to the barest necessities. He has never married, and he has no fixed abode. He has no home address in the city directory. He lives generally at hotels or boarding-houses, and frequently changes these temporary quarters. He permits himself few of the comforts of life, and scarcely the necessities. Anything like luxury he has renounced. Gossip credits him with rather a luxurious and self-indulgent youth, but if such ever were his manner of life, it was put aside utterly half a century ago. During that long period his career has been that of one devoted to the accumulation of wealth, even to the sacrifice of the ordinary ties and amenities of life. And at the same time, as we have said, he has frequently contributed liberally to such charitable objects as appealed to his sympathies. One of his intimate friends has said that, to his knowledge, Mr. WILLIAMSON had applied a million and a half dollars to such charities at different times. In this singular contradiction of traits he is not unlike other men who have made notable gifts to benevolent objects. They make the

THE CABINET.

EDITOR OF THE "WHOPPER" (*to tramp*). "You can't get anything to do? Sorry; can't help you. Stop! Here's a pencil and a pad; you might sit down on the curb and busy yourself writing a series of candidates for General Harrison's cabinet; you'll find it an infinite source of amusement, and come about as near to the right one as any of us."

world their heir, they hoard to augment the gift, and are mean only to themselves.

Mr. WILLIAMSON was born at Penn's Manor, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of February, 1803. He is therefore nearly eighty-six years of age. He developed a knack at trade even as a boy, turning his energies to "'tending store" in his native village in preference to working on the family farm. When quite young he went to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, entered a dry-goods house, and showed such business talents that he was rapidly promoted, and soon struck out for himself. In this independent career he was brilliantly successful. While still young he had amassed a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars, and he retired from business, intending to enjoy himself in the pursuits of a fashionable leisure. But after a few years thus occupied he withdrew from society, cut off every unnecessary expense, and began the life for which he is now known.

It is difficult to ascertain the secret of his vast accumulations. He does not seem to owe his fortune—which is commonly reckoned at fifteen million dollars—to investments in any particular line of securities, nor does it come to him as the "unearned increment" of real estate. He has never owned any considerable amount of this description of property. His wealth is supposed to be due to a miscellaneous range of investments, chiefly in the iron and railroad industries, made with a marvellous sagacity which approached an instinct. His judgment in stock values and prospects is reputed to be infallible. It is said of him that he has kept himself accurately informed as to the intrinsic value of little-known securities, and that when stocks of this class are thrown upon the market he picks them up, often at far below their worth, and profits by his shrewdness. He has been much interested in the Reading Railroad, and is the largest stockholder in the Cambria Iron-Works.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

IV.

LATE that night, threading his weary way along a road blocked with wagons and straggling troops, Lieutenant Kearny rode out westward from Gainesville in hopes of rejoining his own regiment and having a few hours' sleep before dawn. He had delivered his despatch to the division commander, and received another which he was requested to hand to General Buford, who was covering the front, so they said around the head-quarters tents, out beyond Haymarket. One aide-de-camp said three miles; another said three-quarters of a mile; no one seemed to know exactly, and all of the staff, having been in saddle, marching, fighting, and running about the country since early dawn, were now too sleepy and tired to lift their heads from the ground on which they lay, rolled in their dusty blankets. A field-officer charged with the duty of looking after the grand guards and pickets assured him that he would find the road "in the hands of our people" well out beyond Haymarket, and that Buford's patrols and videttes held it beyond them almost to the Gap. One or two divisions of Longstreet's corps were already through, he said, and bivouacked in the open fields just under the range. Stuart's people? No. He had seen or heard nothing of them. If they were north of the pike they had all been called eastward over toward Groveton, where all that heavy fighting had been going on about sunset. Could the lieutenant tell him anything about that? The lieutenant could and did. In point of fierceness and fatality there had been nothing, he said, from the outbreak of the war to equal the combat he had witnessed that evening. Now that the excitement of battle no longer sustained him, and the darkness of night weighed heavily upon his wearied senses, Kearny shuddered as he thought of those long ranks of dead and dying, facing each other along that rolling, undulating mile of open fields where the battle lines had stood loading and firing for two mortal hours, until nothing but the red flash of musketry could be seen.

"Won't you let me send a sergeant and three or four men with you?" asked the field-officer, as, riding together, they finally reached the outpost. "You will be alone for a mile, perhaps, before you reach any of Buford's people, and there's no telling what you may run across along this road."

Kearny looked at the little party grouped in silence under a patch of trees by the road-side. All seemed weary and depressed after the long, long day of tramp and the nervous strain of hours in line of battle. There was something pathetic in the silence and subordination with which they awaited his reply. Two of the men had spread their blankets under a tree, and had apparently just been relieved as sentinels, and were about to lie down. They knelt there looking up at the two mounted officers, and one of them muttered a low word of expostulation, which the sergeant promptly rebuked. They were infantrymen — volunteers — and their duties were onerous enough already, thought Kearny, without having to tramp out into the darkness and danger escorting every belated dragoon who happened along. "No," he said. "Thank you, kindly, major. 'Ramapo' and I pulled through here all right to-day, and I think we can do it again. Some Reb troopers tried to cut me off just about a mile from here this morning, but we slipped by them. They cannot see me at night, and we'll walk along soft as a kitten. Won't we, old boy?" But "Ramapo," though thus affectionately appealed to, did not rise to the spirit of the occasion. With drooping head and jaded mien he looked wistfully about in search of possible shelter and refreshment, and did not even prick up his ears in response to the encouraging slap from his master's gauntlet.

"Now, good-night, sir," said Kearny, holding out his hand, after a brief examination of his revolver chambers. "These caps seem all in good shape. I feel that I *must* get to my regiment to-night, for they are sure to be fighting at daybreak, and they don't know where I am. Next thing I know they'll be reporting me as captured, killed, or missing, and scaring my home people to death. Thank you for coming so far with me, and good-night again. Sergeant, keep your ears open, and if I *am* driven back, be ready to back them up in turn;" and waving his hand and touching "Ramapo" with the spur, he rode slowly away into the darkness, leaving a silent little group behind him.

There were no trees now on either side. The fields, he knew, were bare and lying neglected. There was no one to till them if crops could be raised, and there were too many to sweep away the crop in case a struggling growth were effected. It was dark as pitch. He could not recall a night so dark in his year of campaigning. Not a vestige of moon was there, though here and there a faint twinkling star peeped through rifts in the clouds, that seemed to have been drawn like a veil over the face of the heavens, hiding from celestial eyes the woful scene of this day's bloody work. Earlier in the evening, as he rode into Gainesville, he heard the mournful plaint of the whippoorwill in the moist and misty aisles of the forest, but now a hush had fallen on the broad, beautiful valley, and not a sound disturbed the death-like silence but the muffled tread of his charger's hoofs in the deep, dust-covered road. Such silence, following on such scenes and incidents as he had encountered through the day, is trying to nerves long set on edge. A faint whiff of night wind swept across the highway from time to time, and he turned his head, hoping to catch the sound of pawing hoof or the *p-r-r-r-r-r* of grazing horses on the south side of the track. Only Buford's men would likely be there; while, on the other hand, to the north, he knew not how many foemen to expect. Stuart's cavalry, Mosby's rangers, Turner Ashby's partisans, any of these might be scouting the fields and trotting through the wood roads above the pike and keeping up communication between Longstreet's advance brigades in front of the two gaps, and Stuart and Jackson over there to the northeast of Gainesville. Time and again he reined in "Ramapo," fancying he could hear muttered words or muffled hoof-beats over in that direction, but after a few minutes of intent listening would again push slowly on. Once or twice "Ramapo's" hoofs struck some loose stone upon the road with loud and startling click, and once this betraying noise was accompanied by a sudden gleam like an electric spark, as flint and iron clashed together. His sabre, too, swinging at the full length of its slings, clanked occasionally against his spurred boot-heel, and he shoved it between his leg and the saddle straps to put an end to its clamor. So moving, he had covered perhaps half a mile without molestation of any kind, when, far out to his front—in the roadway, doubtless—he caught sight of a faint and sudden flash of light that he instantly divined to be the result of just such a clash of flint and steel as caused the spark under "Ramapo's" forefoot but a moment before. Horsemen ahead! Now for the question, who are they? Judging by its feeble glow, that flash must have been nearly two hundred yards away, and as yet no sound had reached him. Again he halted "Ramapo" and listened, his heart beating a little heavier. For a few seconds all was stillness, then, bending forward and with hand at his ear, he could catch the faint beat of iron-shod hoofs upon the dusty carpet of the road. "Ramapo" heard it too, and began pricking up his ears, and there was imminent danger of his bursting into a shrill neigh by way of hailing his fellow-quadrupeds, when Kearny leaped quickly from the saddle, caught his charger by the nostrils, and led him to one side, down into the ditch that just there ran along the road. It was so dark that he could not see it at all, and both he and his horse slid and stumbled as they groped their way. There was an appalling rattle of his sabre as it clanked against the stony brink, and he felt that he had splashed into some water. This led him to the belief that he must be down in the shallows where the brook crossed the road. Perhaps it was here, close at hand, and these troopers were coming down to water their horses. If they were Buford's men, all well and good; he could soon tell by the muttered chat that was pretty sure to be going on. If they were the enemy—and they might readily be, for it was just here they pushed their scouting parties in between the lines that morning—then he must lie *perdu* until they moved away, or else steal off to the fields on his left hand, still holding "Ramapo" by the nose. He could not mount and ride, because the horse would be sure to signal to his fellows, now approaching at a rapid and audible walk, and because the railway, with its rough ties and parallel ditches, lay between him and the open country to the south. No, his best plan was to hold his ground until satisfied who these midnight raiders might be, then make himself known or crouch in hiding as they turned out to be friends or foes.

Almost before he had succeeded in leading "Ramapo" out of the water and into a dry place where he could not betray them by splashing, the sound of hoofs crossing the little wooden culvert was heard; two horsemen rode like shadowy spectres between him and the stars of the northern sky, and reined in just beyond, while the rest of the party stopped at the brook to water. These two in front were evidently the extreme advance or "outlooks" of a cavalry patrol, but in the impenetrable darkness he could form no idea of the uniforms or equipment. If they would only speak! He knew the Southern intonation so well, the soft elision of the r's, the modulation and inflections which a harsher clime seems to have exiled from the Northern tongue! He could hear the murmur of voices at the brook-side, but not a word came from these drowsing cavaliers in front. While one seemed intent on listening for any sound toward Haymarket, the other waited until he could hear the patrol once more advancing, then turned eastward, and in ghostly silence the two moved slowly away. Lost in the darkness perhaps half a minute were these pioneers, then came others in sight; muffled in cloaks or capes, they seemed to be, for the night was chill, and the two whose forms were outlined in advance were talking softly with each other; the rest, perhaps half a dozen troopers, were strung out in column of twos behind their leaders, silent, and doubtless sleepy. Kearny strained his ears to catch the words that passed between the two horsemen at the head of the little troop as they came abreast of him, but the hoof-beats and the clank of steel scabbards were sufficient to render the voices indistinguishable. Suddenly one of the leaders threw up a shadowy hand, and his voice, low and muffled, was heard.

"Steady!—halt!"

Far out to the front—from the darkness in which the pioneers had disappeared—some one whistled soft and clear. The patrol stood motionless in the roadway a moment, listening. No further signal came; all was silence.

"What's the matter?" finally queried a deep voice, hardly above a whisper.

"Don't know," was the muttered answer. "Corporal, just ride out yonder and see what they want."

Kearny crouched lower, and kept his iron grip on "Ramapo's" nostrils. The soft drawl, the languid intonation, the long-drawn "*yawnduh*," were enough for him. No man of Buford's brigade sat on those spectral steeds not ten paces from the New Jersey cavalryman. Those were "Rebs," and out on one of their daring scouts along the Union lines.

Presently the corporal came trotting back. "You can see the camp fires from where they are, lieutenant," he reported.

"Well, we *want* to see 'em. Whut 're we *hyah* faw?" is a faint imitation of the next remark that reached the attentive ears of Lieutenant Kearny. "C'mawn, men!" and the leader of the little troop would have started but for a restraining voice—a voice that startled the hiding Jerseyman almost to the verge of losing his grip on his horse's nose.

"One moment, lieutenant. Between here and their lines the fence is intact on both sides of the road. At least it was when I came across two days ago. We are now just midway between Buford's outposts and those main lines. If one of Buford's patrols should come along while we are east of this point, there might be difficulty in slipping out. He has patrols in every direction to-night, and much as I would like to pick up some courier or staff-officer with despatches, I don't want to sacrifice the whole platoon. Our nearest supports now are more than a mile away, and it is not worth while to move from here."

"I thought you wanted to get close in to their lines, Captain Armistead," said the junior.

"Not if it place us in a *cul-de-sac*. It is open to our rear now, but there's no saying how soon we may have to fight a patrol. I must have heard at least four since leaving Hopewell at dusk."

"That man Falconer go back to Thoro'fare?" asked the junior, after a moment's silence.

"Captain Falconer left before I did," was the reply, in a somewhat distant tone. "I understood that he was to return to his squadron at once. Know him well?" he questioned, with no lack of interest in the inquiry.

"Know him well enough to say I don't trust him," was the uncompromising answer. "Shall we stay here on the road, or lead off to one side?"

Already, mindful of what he had heard in the morning and the peril of his present situation, Kearny was striving noiselessly to lead "Ramapo" over the soft ground until in the darkness he should gain the rear of the party, then he could mount and away. His cavalry instincts told him that two or three members of the platoon must be some hundred yards behind them up the road, watching for anything that might come from the west, but he believed that they would never suspect him to be other than one of their own party until he reached them, then he must trust to surprise, darkness, and "Ramapo's" heels. His arm and hand were wellnigh exhausted now from the long struggle to "gag" the excited horse. If he could only hold out a minute longer! If only there should be no stones, no stumble! If only the sabre would not clank! Ah! a plunge, a snort, a rattle of gravel down the slope, a scrambling of hoofs, a desperate leap and spring, a fierce and sudden chorus of "*Who goes there?*" "Who goes there?" "Halt!" "*Halt!*" "Head him off, men!" A sputter and crash of scores of iron-shod feet, the rattle of steel, the click of a dozen revolvers, then a flash and loud report, another, another! and "Ramapo" is plunging headlong down into the running brook, rolling heavily, crushingly, upon a prostrate and senseless rider. There are anxious hearts in the bivouac of Buford's men when morning dawns and gallant Frank Kearny is still reported missing.

V.

Anxious days were those that followed the first grapple of Pope and Jackson along the famous old Warrenton turnpike. Darkness had put an end to the initial conflict; darkness had shrouded from the watchers at Hopewell all sign of the tragic scenes and weary marches of the night, but early morn found them again at their station on the piazza, the old Judge with his telescope, his pale and sweet-faced daughter kneeling by his chair. Brief indeed had been the visit from devoted son and brother the evening before. He had been led to his sleeping father's side, and soon the three—father, son, and daughter—were absorbed in the joy of their reunion and engaged in eager talk. Rapidly as possible the young soldier told them of the situation of affairs, and their hope that Lee and Longstreet would be able to join hands with Jackson early on the coming day, and beat the Yankees back or cut them off from Washington. He was eager, enthusiastic, confident. Every officer and man, he said, had most implicit faith in Lee; and as for Jackson, the enthusiasm with which his "foot cavalry" followed him on the most daring flanking moves was something no words could describe. "But it looks ugly to-night," he continued, with an anxious glance eastward, where the guns were still booming, and the distant flashes could be seen in the gathering gloom. "The Yanks seem to be crowding all around him, and I've got to hurry. Stuart is on his right, and I'll doubtless meet some of our patrols before I get half-way across." Cautioned by his father to look out for Federal cavalry, whose main body was known to be on the road to the lower gap, he answered that they were simply holding the line to Gainesville and Haymarket; the direct road from Hopewell over to Jackson was open, and scouted only by Stuart's men. If all went well, he said, he would be able to see them again within a day or two, but he felt that he must rejoin his chief that night. When the three went out upon the dark piazza, it was found that Captain Falconer had gone.

"His father and I were such warm friends that I hate to think of his having gone away without a word. Lucy, child, I hope you invited him in and gave him a welcome."

"I did, father; but Henry came just in the midst of my words, and—surely he will understand and appreciate that we did not mean to be discourteous; he knows we had not seen Henry since last March."

"And who was that Federal officer who rode in here early this morning and said he knew Henry?" asked the Judge, with a frown upon his venerable face.

"Oh yes, Harry! Think of it! A lieutenant of cavalry who was scouting, he said, rode in and asked to see father, who declined, and then he told me that he knew you well—had been in college with you."

Captain Armistead was standing by his horse at the moment, busily stowing away some packages of home-made "rations" that Hannah had brought him from the kitchen. "Old Nelse" was at the horse's head, and his portly spouse had come forth from her own dominions to see "young mars'r" on his way. On one of the lower steps were the Judge and Lucy, side by side, his arm around his daughter's slender waist; her arm uplifted and bearing a lantern whose beams shone upon her sweet face and tinged the shimmering gold of her hair. The young soldier turned suddenly at her words, surprise and interest in his eyes, but the question he would ask seemed checked for the moment as he gazed up at the group before him—his father's silvered hair and noble features, his sister's graceful form and girlish beauty, all illumined by the rays of the battered old lantern, and shining forth against the black background of the vine-shrouded piazza. With the blindness of brotherhood, never until then had he realized how fair a woman she had grown to be.

"Lulie," he broke forth after brief study of her face, and hailing her by the old pet name of their childhood, "I declare you're getting to be a tearing beauty. Don't you be making eyes at any of those fellows who come up here saying they're 'scouting.' I know too much about that. There's no likelihood of your seeing any more of the Yanks; but no flirting with them, Miss Armistead, whatever you do. Who was this fellow who rode in to-day? Some of their rear-guard, I reckon."

Her face had flushed with girlish delight at her brother's involuntary tribute. Compliments from such a source are rare in any household, and are worth their face value wherever uttered. She hardly heard the question that followed, and it was her father who answered,

"He gave his name as Kearny, of the New Jersey Cavalry."

"Frank Kearny! *Here!*" exclaimed Armistead, as though shocked and startled. He dropped the strap from his nerveless hand, and turned suddenly away, so that his face was hidden. "Are you sure he said Kearny, Lucy?" he queried, seizing again the strap and striving to buckle down the flap of the saddle-bag with fingers that bungled painfully at their work.

"I am sure he said Kearny, Harry," was her answer. "Who is he? Why should it startle you so? *Were* you at college together? Captain Falconer spoke of his having been your guest in Richmond two winters ago."

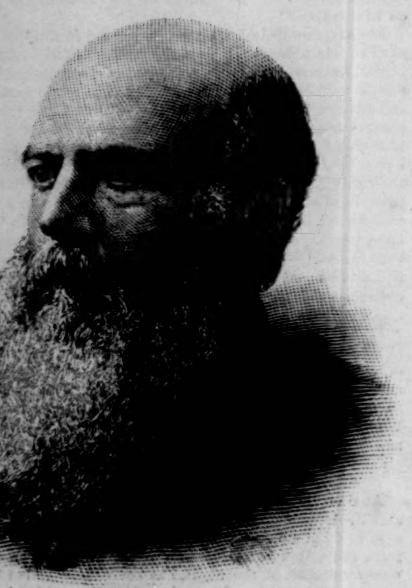
"How did he know of it? Did you tell *him* of Kearny's being here?" asked the Captain, with deep anxiety in his tone.

"I did, certainly. Why, what is there about him, Harry? Why should I not speak of it?"

"No reason, really, except—this was the Federal officer who captured Pegram and Eustis down by Cedar Mountain. You heard of it, did you not, father? And we have heard ugly stories of the way they were treated—not by him, but by their guards while being sent to Washington, and the whole brigade is up in arms about it. I believe that Pope himself would not be so prized a captive as Frank Kearny. And it is true, we were chums at college, and at one time room-mates."

"I don't remember your writing of him," said his father; "that is, I remember the name, and it seems to me you used to say something of him at first—"

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL SIMPSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 965.]

ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON, OF PHILADELPHIA—MILLIONNAIRE AND PHILANTHROPIST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST. [SEE PAGE 962.]

"We had a falling out during the junior year, father; that was the reason. It was a foolish affair, and all my fault, I suppose; but we were estranged from that time until we happened to meet at the 'Spottswood' one night late in the autumn of '60. Then we shook hands, and the hatchet was buried."

"But Captain Falconer said he was your guest for a week at Richmond," interposed Miss Armistead.

"Falconer exaggerates the case if he meant to intimate that he was especially my guest. I introduced him at the club, and his own social qualities did the rest. We were always on courteous and pleasant terms when we met there, which may have misled Falconer; but not what we had been. There was a matter that couldn't well be explained," and he tu. ed away again.

She was down in the roadway and at his side in another moment, twining her arm about his neck.

"Oh, Harry!" she whispered, "I know now. Miss Paulding, wasn't it?"

But he bent down and kissed her gently. "Hush, little sister," he murmured; "never mind the old sore. I have a lady-love now that none can rob me of, and yet the more rivals I have the better I like it. We allude to her somewhat disrespectfully at times, Miss Armistead," he said, with resumption of the gay cavalier manner. "She has beaux without number this summer, and we mean to proclaim her Queen of Beauty, Chivalry, and of these Confederate States of America before another winter. I allude to 'Old Virginny,' Miss Armistead, one of whose fairest daughters I have now the honor to salute in parting. God bless you, little one!" he said, softly, tenderly, as he clasped her in his arms. "Pray for us and the Star of the South to-night. Now let me go." She was clinging to him now, looking with tearful eyes into his brave young face. He led her to their father's side, grasped the old man's hand in both his one moment, then with sudden impulse bared his head, bent and kissed it as courtier might have kissed his sovereign's, then sprang to his horse, swung lightly into saddle, and turned sharply away into the dim and shadowy vista to the gate. Another moment and the hoof-beats were dying away in outer darkness.

All that next day the sullen guns were booming at intervals over in the valley of the Run. All the long morning the dust-clouds rose dense and stifling over the road to Gainesville, and through his ready glass the old gentleman could catch occasional glimpses of the marching columns and the red battle-flags fluttering overhead. All the day from time to time patrols and scouting parties of Stuart's men went riding by, sometimes sending in an officer to ask a question or two, or a man in search of water for the canteens. From one and all the same report was received: "Everything going well. Lee and Longstreet were pushing ahead to join Jackson and give the Yanks another beating on the field where we thrashed them the year before. It would all be settled by nightfall!" And then the long afternoon wore away, and the roads from the two gaps were cleared of troops, and the dust began to settle back to earth, and the windows in the little hamlet at the junction of the pikes to gleam red in the rays of the setting sun; and then, just as the day before, the thunder of a fierce cannonade rumbled in the distance, and the faint roar of musketry could be distinguished by the listening ear, and the far-away forests were lighted up with a lurid battle-glare; and then again, just as suddenly, it died away, and another restless, anxious night succeeded. Then came the morning of the third day, and from sunrise to darkness the old Virginian never left his post on the piazza. The open fields to the north of Groveton were distinctly in view, and there through the glass he could see the charging lines in blue, reeling back again and again before that fire-flashing embankment. He could see long lines in gray filing into the forest south of the broad turnpike, and being swallowed up in the density of the foliage. Then late in the afternoon the distant crests of Bald Hill and the plateau back of the old Henry house blazed with musketry, and were soon shrouded from base to peak in clouds of sulphur smoke; and then the little dots of red could be seen peeping out here and there above the steadily advancing lines in gray, and then through rifts in the smoke they gleamed here and there upon the slopes, and ere long crest after crest was crowned with the crimson, fluttering folds, and old Armistead, trembling with enthusiasm and delight, could plainly see that the St. Andrew's Cross was gaining everywhere; and when at last darkness intervened and shut the scene of triumph and victory from his tired eyes, his heart welled up in audible prayer and thanksgiving as he clasped his daughter in his arms.

"The Yanks are falling back behind Bull Run. We've licked them everywhere," was the report brought in to him late that night by a young trooper who was riding up toward Aldie. "I saw the captain just before dark, Judge. He's all right; he'd have sent some message if he'd known I was coming. I didn't know it myself until just afterward, when the colonel told me to run up and see my folks. I live over yonder on the Leesburg road, and I'm to join 'em at Fairfax to-morrow. Oh, we ain't goin' to stop short of Washington this time, you bet!" and the young fellow rode away. At the gate he turned. "Say, Judge, I passed a wagon down the road a piece, with a wounded officer they're bringing here. You might have got a scare, fearin' 'twas Captain Armistead. 'Tisn't, though. Good-night, sir; good-night, Miss Lucy."

"Who can it be?" asked the old man, turning anxiously into the house. "Lucy, child, tell Hannah to get that spare room ready at the head of the stairs. We'll have to put him there. Can it be Falconer, do you think?"

"I cannot imagine who it is, father," she answered. "Some one we know, undoubtedly, and some one, probably, who has been wounded near here—though there has been no fighting around us since day before yesterday. Wait here and watch for them, and I'll go with Hannah at once."

Barely ten minutes later there rode into the gate a sergeant in the gray dress of Stuart's cavalry. Dismounting quickly, he sprang up the steps and handed the Judge a note.

"Judge Armistead," he said, in low tone, "my orders from the captain were to return immediately after having handed you this, and having conducted a wounded officer to your house. Yonder comes the wagon, sir, and there are two boys with it, who, with the help of Nelse and the others here, can carry the gentleman into the house. Then they are to go back with their team and wagon. Have you any message to send, sir? I shall be with the captain by morning, unless our people march all night."

"Wait one moment, sergeant; let me glance at this note first. Let me offer you some refreshment, sir. Lucy!" he called.

"Pardon me, Judge," said the trooper. "Don't open it yet. Wait until I'm out of the yard. No refreshment, thank you, sir. I must go at once."

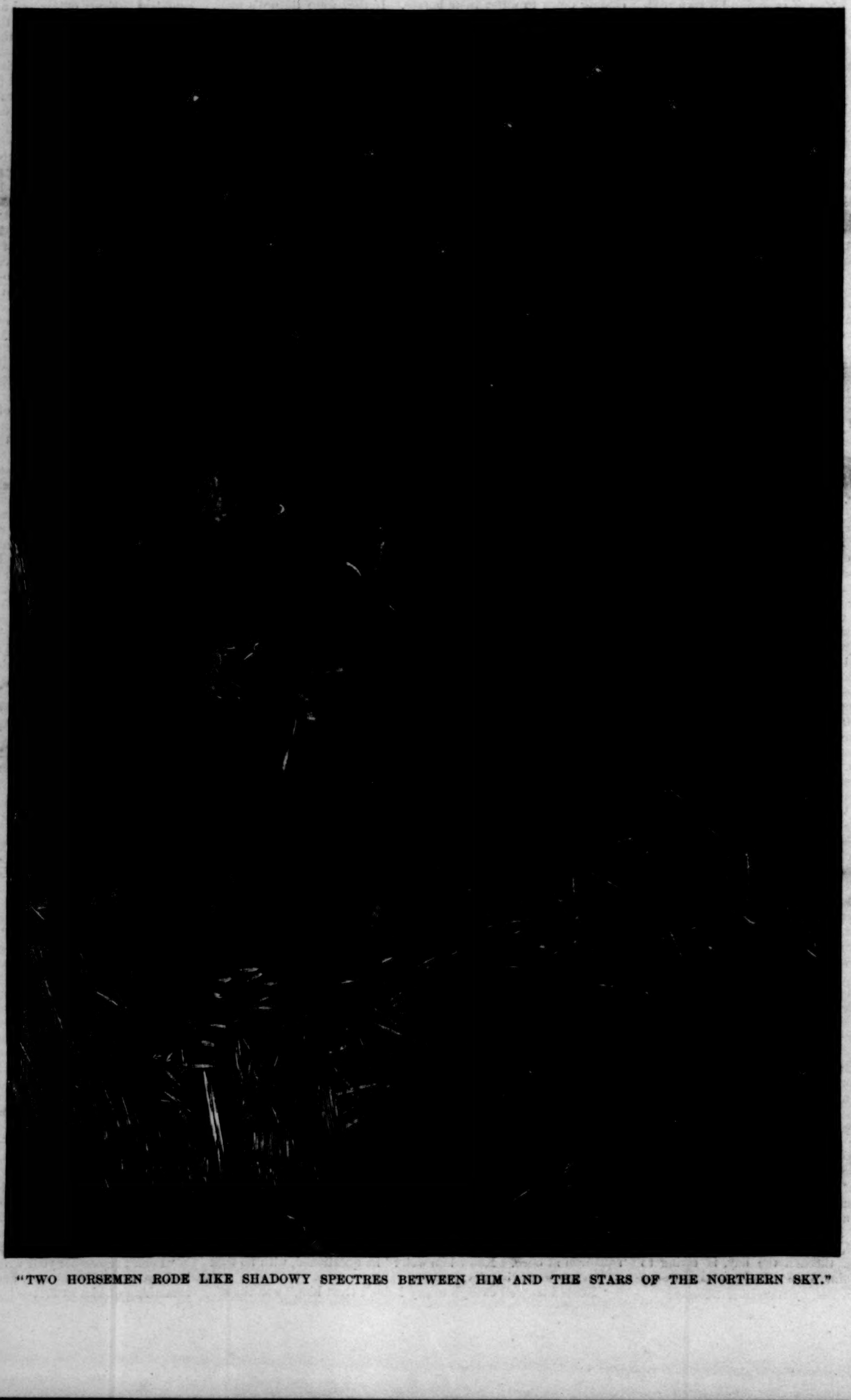
The wagon, drawn by two venerable mules, was slowly coming through the gate as the soldier sprang again into saddle and was about to turn away.

"But, Sergeant, who is the officer? Is it Captain Falconer?"

"Judge Armistead," was the answer, "I would do anything on earth for your son. He knows it, and this night has put me to the test. You ask me a question I cannot answer because I do not know. I do not *want* to know—I hope to God I never *may* know!"

And turning sharply, he struck spurs to his horse and rode away at rapid trot, leaving the old man and his pale-faced daughter standing there at the head of the steps, dumb with surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"TWO HORSEMEN RODE LIKE SHADOWY SPECTRES BETWEEN HIM AND THE STARS OF THE NORTHERN SKY."

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMPSON.

REAR-ADMIRAL EDWARD SIMPSON, who died in Washington on the 1st instant, was one of the most active, popular, and progressive officers of our navy. He had served in the navy continuously for a period of forty-six years, during which he had been often in action. He was a great advocate, by word and pen, of improvements both in ordnance and ship construction; he was well informed on all matters relating to his profession, and his frank and independent views, advanced ideas, and buoyant, sociable disposition made him a favorite ashore and afloat.

He was born in New York March 3, 1824, and in 1840 served as a midshipman on board the sloop of war *Decatur* on the Brazilian coast. From 1842 to 1845 he served on the frigate *Congress*, in the Mediterranean and Brazil squadrons, and for a year following was on shore duty at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Promotion was slow in those days, as now, and it was not till July, 1846, that he was promoted to the grade of Passed Midshipman, and as such served honorably on the *Vixen* in the Mexican war. After further service in the Brazil Squadron, he acted as assistant instructor in naval gunnery and infantry tactics at the Naval Academy, 1853–4.

He was commissioned as Lieutenant in April, 1855, and while attached to the sloop *Portsmouth*, of the East India Squadron, he was engaged with Commander FOOTE in the bombardment and capture of the Barrier Forts in the Canton River. During 1863, with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, he commanded the iron-clad *Passaic* in the South Atlantic Squadron, and took part in the attack on Fort Wagner in July and August of that year, as well as in those on Forts Sumter and Moultrie, in August and November. In 1864 he commanded the steamer *Insomnia*, off Wilmington and the Bahama Banks; and in 1865 he served as Fleet Captain of the blockading squadron engaged in operations before Mobile, up to April 12th, when the city capitulated. He was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1865, and for two years commanded successively the steam-sloop *Mohican* and the steamer *Mohongo*, of the North Pacific Squadron; he had charge of the Hydrographic Office in Washington, 1868–9; and was Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, 1869–70. For two years after receiving his commission as Captain, in 1870, he was on special duty in Europe. He commanded the steam-frigate *Franklin*, of the North Atlantic Station, 1873–4; the frigate *Wabash*, 1874; Torpedo Station, 1874–5; and the steam-sloop *Omaha*, of the South Pacific Station, from 1875–7. During the latter year he was detailed on duty at the Brooklyn Navy-yard as Captain, and in 1878, after promotion to Commodore, he was assigned charge of the New London Naval Station, a post he retained until 1881, when he took over command of the League Island Navy-yard. In 1884, having been appointed President of the Gun Foundry Board, whose duty it was to examine and report to Congress on the adaptability of the United States arsenals for the construction of a government foundry for the manufacture of heavy ordnance, he was in Europe several months on duty, and on his return was made Rear-Admiral. His last duties were performed as President of the Advisory Board, which designed the new cruisers *Boston*, *Chicago*, and *Atlanta*.

Rear-Admiral SIMPSON, after serving for a brief period as President of the Board of Inspection, was retired in 1886. That the activity of his mind remained unimpaired was manifest from the character of his contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE in the latter half of that year. These bore the titles of "United States Docks and Navy-Yards," "United States Naval Artillery," and "The United States Navy in Transition," and contained a view of the present condition of our naval establishment as comprehensive as it was interesting.

WOMEN VOTING AT THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN BOSTON ON DECEMBER 11.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 959.]

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

LIFE INSURANCE.

ATTENTION is called to the remarkable statement of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association on the opposite page.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Ad.*]

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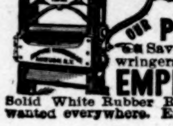

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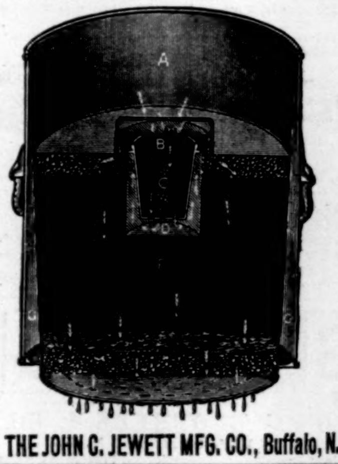

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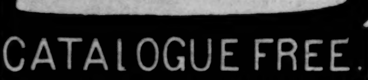

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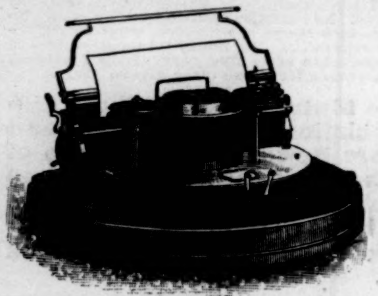

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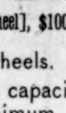

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CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY—A STREET SCENE.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 971.]

THE 'PISCOPAL LOT.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

"HAVE you heard what Lyman Silsbee's been doin' now?"

The Porter girls were pickling and preserving, and the great kitchen was redolent of spices and boiling syrups, when the pretty form of their neighbor, Mis' Deacon Hart, darkened the doorway. The Porter girls were twins, and they were close upon forty-five. It was no delusion in respect to their age which led all Carmel to call them still the Porter girls, but rather because their lives had been so monotonous, and Time's depredations had been committed so gradually, that there had never seemed to be a proper time to leave off calling them so. Charlotte had grown stout and Charlissy had grown thin, and the time certainly seemed very far away when they had worn red and blue necklaces respectively, to enable people to "tell them apart"; but the events of this long time had been few. The event from which Charlissy was apt to date everything was the first time that Lyman Silsbee came home from singing-school with her. He had begun to "keep company" with her then; he had been keeping company with her more or less ever since. People had ceased to speculate whether anything would ever come of it. They had almost forgotten that they had ever said "Lyman Silsbee hadn't treated Charlissy Porter well." His accustomed weekly visits were regarded merely as those of an old neighbor now.

The Silsbees were odd, and Lyman was the "consummate flower" of his race in this respect. He was "as close as the bark of a tree," "as set as the meetin'-house," and the comments of his rustic neighbors were apt to be summed up in the despairing conclusion that "there wa'n't no accountin' for him nohow."

He was awkward in appearance and brusque in manner, but he had caught Charlissy's youthful fancy. She had poured out upon him all the affection of her opening heart, and as she sometimes acknowledged to herself, half regretfully, she "wa'n't one that knew how to take back." Dr. Knights, who was handsome and well-mannered, had stood no chance beside him. Now when Mrs. Dr. Knights came into church, with her tall son and her two pretty daughters, and with her husband showing her a charming gallantry, Charlissy was sensible of a vague regret or, more truly, a sense of loss.

She had even felt a momentary bitterness against Lyman Silsbee, who had absorbed both her past and her future. Charlotte's grim and matter-of-fact prophecy in the early days came back to her at such times: "He'll make an old maid of you, and that's all it will amount to."

Charlotte herself was thoroughly contented with her estate; she was perfectly sincere in saying that she "wouldn't marry if she could have her pick even of the ministers"; but she nevertheless always spoke of spinsterhood as an untoward fate.

It was only within a few years that Charlissy had ceased to speculate on the great problem of her life—why Lyman had never asked her to marry him. Time and even her limited experience had taught her that the simplest explanation of such problems is apt to be the true one; she had come to a conclusion which even ten years before she had scarcely admitted as a possibility, preferring all sorts of mysterious conjectures: he had simply never been sufficiently in love with her. Long, long looks and hand-pressings might mean much or they might, alas! mean nothing. In spite of momentary feelings of bitterness he had never felt sure that Lyman was at all to blame. He had been lonely, and sought companionship, and had found hers congenial. He had never spoken or hinted of love or marriage. Sometimes she was appalled by the feeling that this, which had made almost all the color and substance of her life, was purely a creation of her own imagination. After the first year or two of their acquaintance, perhaps even then, Lyman had thought no more of her than of Widow Moorhead and her son, on the back road, whom he also visited regularly. But Charlissy was more than thirty-five before she harbored such thoughts as these.

She flushed a little at Mis' Deacon Hart's question—she always felt as if people looked curiously at her when they mentioned Lyman's name, although the truth was that few people remembered that there had ever been any reason for doing so.

"If he hain't ben and set up house-keepin' in the old 'Piscopal meetin'-house! You see, when his father gave the 'Piscopals that lot in his will, 'count of his second wife bein' such a 'Piscopal, there was a settin' forth that it shouldn't b'long to 'em only so long as 'twas used for religious purposes. It's six months sence they've used the old meetin'-house, 'count of its bein' ready to tumble down over their heads, and they couldn't raise money enough to repair it, they're so kind of run out; but sence they've ben worshippin' in Thompson's Hall they've kind of spunked up and made a start toward raisin' money to repair it. Lyman he put in his claim as soon as ever they left the meetin'-house, but they wouldn't hear nothin' to it, 'cause, they said, they hadn't give up usin' it for meetin' purposes. Don't seem as if he would have done jest as he has if he hadn't been so mad with Frank Hurd. Frank is one of the leadin' men 'mongst the 'Piscopals, you know. Well, we can't say nothin'; there's folks that ain't what they'd ought to be 'mongst all persuasions. They do say he has cheated Lyman out of two thousand dollars, and Lyman's paper-mill has got to suspend 'count of it. I declare I can't help pityin' Lyman; he has had real poor luck, his father leavin' about all his propputty to his second family so, and there ain't nothin' ever seemed to prosper real well that he set his hand to. He ain't calc'lated to get along in the world, and that's a fact. But if it ain't orfle ridickerlous to see him livin' in that old meetin'-house! I'm most ashamed to tell of it, but I went and peeked in at the winder last night. I had to hang round there a consid'able spell to get a chance; there was a lot of men folks and boys there a-hootin' and jeerin'. If Lyman didn't look comical a-settin' there beside his cook stove, with his kettle a-bilin' and his supper-table set out! And there was his bed up there inside the railin' next to the altar, as they call it. Of course he couldn't get old Mis' Nichols that keeps house for him to go there; she's been sayin' she didn't see as she could stan' it through the winter with him nohow, he's such dretful poor company; she's kind of lame, you know, and can't get out much, and she couldn't find out nothin' that was goin' on. I expect he finds it kind of hard and messy doin' for himself—in a meetin'-house, too."

"I want to know! I want to know!" repeated Aunt Nabby, coming out of the buttery with her spectacles on her forehead. "Well, his great-uncle, old Squire Enoch Silsbee, hung himself. Thinks I, the other day, Lyman is appearin' queerer 'n ever. He's missed comin' two or three Wednesday nights, and he wouldn't do that unless he was dretful upset. He'd always set an hour without sayin' a word, if folks would let him, but 'long back for a consid'able spell you couldn't get a word out of him nohow. The girls they don't pay so much attention to him as I do, and I don't know as they've noticed. If he don't want to talk, why, they jest let him set. Charlissy she never has much to say to him nohow. Charlotte she manages to get him into an argermunt sometimes; he'll always manage to be on t'other side from everybody, and I declare if he don't gen'ally get the best of it! he ain't lackin', with all his oddity, Lyman ain't. But I declare it is a queer caper, even for him, to set up house-keepin' in the old 'Piscopal meetin'-house!"

"They won't let him stay there long," said Mis' Deacon Hart. "I expect the 'Piscopals is puzzled what *to* do, but the boys they won't let him have no more peace than a toad under a harrer. And the rain leaks right down on to him, and they say, come a good wind, the old buildin' would be liable to go all to pieces. Silas Webster he was tellin' me that there was talk of h'istin' it up on to rollers and movin' it off. I don't expect Lyman would budge if he knew they was rollin' him into the river or that the meetin'-house would tumble down on his head. There ain't nothin' that can move Lyman Silsbee when he's took a thing into his head. Old Mis' Nichols she says she don't believe he'll ever come out of there till he's fetched out a corp."

"Land sakes! I guess the law will fetch him out if he is Lyman Silsbee," said Charlotte, who spoke and moved with great decision and vigor, and clicked her false teeth together at the end of her sentences in a way that sounded like a challenge.

"Well, law is expensive and draggin', and it's resky too. Always seems to me as if folks that's goin' to law had ought to have prayers offered up for 'em in meetin' like them that's goin' to sea in winter. And the 'Piscopals is poor. One thing Lyman's done, he's spunked 'em up so they say they're goin' to build a new meetin'-house right off. If they do they've *got* to get Lyman out somehow. If they should set fire to the old meetin'-house I declare I b'lieve he would be burnt up before he'd come out."

"I expect Lyman would enjoy bein' burnt up a-havin' his own way," said Aunt Nabby.

Mis' Deacon Hart shortly afterward went her way to talk the matter over with other neighbors. Charlissy had slipped out of the room, and she returned dressed for a walk.

"I thought I'd just step over to Mis' Luke Patten's and see if she hadn't a good recipe for sweet pickles," she said. There was a flush on her thin cheeks, and she was nervous and flurried.

"Sweet pickles!" echoed Charlotte, and clicked her false teeth energetically; but it was not until the door had closed behind Charlissy.

Aunt Nabby opened the door and called after her.

"I declare if she ain't clear 'n' out of sight and hearin'. Seems to me I never knew her to be so spry. I wanted to tell her to be sure to ask Mis' Luke Patten what the 'Piscopals did mean to do about Lyman. She and her husband are both foremost amongst 'em. Like as not Charlissy won't think nothin' about it."

"That's all she's gone for," said Charlotte. "I don't s'pose you need to be told that Charlissy's got a weak streak."

"Sakes alive! I guess we ain't none of us above likin' to know what's goin' on, pertikerlerly when it's old friends and neighbors," returned Aunt Nabby, who couldn't always "get along" with Charlotte.

"You ain't a twin sister, Aunt Nabby, nor you hain't the responsibilities of one, and if you had, your eyesight ain't what it was." With this somewhat mysterious remark, Charlotte retired behind a cloud of steam from her preserving-kettle, and showed a disinclination for further conversation.

"Seemed to be so much like our recipe that it wa'n't hardly worth writin' off," said Charlissy, as she entered the door after half an hour's absence.

"What recipe? Oh, the sweet pickles," said Charlotte, with sarcastic emphasis.

"You didn't happen to think to ask what the 'Piscopals was goin' to do about Lyman, did you?" said Aunt Nabby.

"They was talkin' about it. Luke happened to be at home," said Charlissy. "He said 'twould be easy enough to get a writ to put him out when it come time to build the church, but he said some 'mongst the s'ciety was nervous, and some was mad, and they wanted to get him right out; and he said the boys would be apt to play tricks on him, and, too, he said it wa'n't safe in that old meetin'-house. He said, Luke did, that if Lyman had any friends they'd ought to persuade him to come out."

"Persuade him! He must be dreadful little acquainted with Lyman Silsbee," said Charlotte.

"I don't expect there's nobody in the world that has the least mite of influence over him," said Aunt Nabby, meditatively.

Charlissy put sugar into the piccalilli, and almost put vinegar into the plums, and then she took Aunt Nabby's kindly advice to "go upstairs and lay down a spell, for there wa'n't nothin' that brought out the human nater in folks like picklin' and preservin'."

When she came down it was late in the afternoon. Aunt Nabby had gone across the field to the minister's with some preserves, and Charlotte was writing labels for her jars of goodies with great pains and primness.

"I thought I'd ought to tell you," said Charlissy, with great embarrassment and difficulty. "I'm thinkin' of offerin' to lend Lyman my money that's in the bank. There must be nigh upon two thousand dollars. I thought it might help him out of his business troubles, and then mebbe he wouldn't be so bitter 'n' set 'bout the 'Piscopal lot. I thought I'd go down and tell him that he could have it."

"Charlissy Porter, have I lived to see this day—my own sister's mind a-goin'!" cried Charlotte. "Has Lyman Silsbee took such good care of his own property that you're a-goin' to trust him with yours? And you're a-goin' down to offer it to him! Seems as if it would look remarkable friendly, wouldn't it? Seein' what's been and gone, seems to me you might as well ask him to have you without any shilly-shallyin'! I've heard that was gettin' to be the fashion amongst women, but I didn't expect but what my own twin sister thought more of herself. Seems as if 'twas kind of late in the day too."

"I ain't thinkin' of marryin' anybody, Charlotte." Charlissy's thin cheeks had a color which they had scarcely known for twenty years. "If I ever thought about Lyman that way, why, it—it wa'n't any use; he never cared about me. And anyhow it's too late, as you say. I shouldn't think anybody could think of such a thing now. I don't b'lieve Lyman would anyhow. And I should take a sight of comfort in thinkin' I'd helped him."

There was an appealing tone in Charlissy's meek voice, which might have been expected to touch her sister's heart, but it had the opposite effect; it was Charlotte's boast that she had never tolerated any kind of foolishness.

"When a girl is in love, why, it's kind of natural; it's silly, but folks know she'll get over it if there's anything to her; but when it hangs on till she's an old woman, why, it's jest as if the whoopin'-cough or the measles had got chronic; it's ridickerlous, and folks can't help havin' more contempt than pity for her. And then if she 'ain't got no more proper pride than to go and let the man know it! Charlissy Porter, it's most as if you wa'n't what you'd ought to be!"

Charlissy was shrinking as if from blows. She always shrank in that way from Charlotte's sharp tongue. Aunt Nabby, who still perseveringly counselled her to "stand up agin" Charlotte, had long ago decided that it was "agin nater" for her to do so, and consequently a hopeless case. Charlissy was timid and gentle, and unready of speech. Charlotte "seemed somehow to have got hold of the tongue that was meant for both of 'em," Aunt Nabby said.

Charlotte had no sentimental weaknesses of her own, and had always felt it to be her duty to root them out of Charlissy, who would read novels and poetry, and never could learn the multiplication table. And Charlotte was one who, according to her own declaration, never knew what it was to flinch from duty.

"And as for thinkin' that what you could do would make any difference," continued Charlotte, "that is ridickerlous. Lyman Silsbee ain't one that would touch your money, nor you couldn't turn so much as his little finger."

Charlissy had turned away.

"I don't know as I really expected I could, Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n' neighborly to try."

"Friendliness and neighborliness had better start from the men folks's side of the house," said Charlotte, crisply. And then Charlissy slipped away, looking guilty and subdued.

"That's the end of about the worst piece of foolishness she ever undertook! It's a mercy I *can* set down on Charlissy," said Charlotte to herself, complacently.

But, as the shades of evening were falling, Charlissy stole out of the front door, an entrance remote from the living-rooms of the house, and used only upon state occasions. She had thought of an errand as an excuse, but she did not mean that Charlotte should offer to do it. Her heart throbbed wildly. It was a desperate deed, this "standin' up agin" Charlotte for the first time in her life. And they were dreadful things that Charlotte had said. Although she was in the habit of believing Charlotte, these things were too dreadful to be true. Poor meek Charlissy felt herself so utterly devoid of the spirit of "the woman who dared" that she could not believe that Lyman would have any such suspicion. He would never think of such a possibility as marriage in connection with her; why, both their heads were nearly white! She was not at all sure that she should wish it herself, if it could be. Love had flown with youth; this, in spite of Charlotte's sneers, was but neighborly kindness and friendship. So Charlissy comforted and fortified herself as she hurried along in the darkness.

To her great relief she found no loungers or mischievous boys hanging about the old Episcopal church; she had chosen the time when all Carmel was likely to be taking its tea. The blinds were all closed, and but a faint light streamed through their chinks. Charlissy raised herself, with difficulty, to the level of the window, and peeped through a chink. By the fitful light of a single kerosene lamp Lyman was eating his solitary supper. The old church was full of gloom, and shadows like troops of ghosts lurked in the dim spaces. The feeble atmosphere of cheer that surrounded the kitchen stove, with its surprised-looking teakettle evidently singing and steaming in but a faint-hearted way in such uncongenial surroundings, was powerless to rout them.

"It's enough to give anybody a turn—poor Lyman! And not even a mite of sauce with his bread and butter. I declare I don't know as he's even got butter. He never was any hand to look out for himself that way. I most wish 't I had brought the pie."

Before she left home Charlissy had slipped into the pantry, Charlotte and Aunt Nabby being engaged meanwhile with old Solomon Hitchings, who was to mend an umbrella to pay for his supper. She had taken a deep and generous pumpkin-pie from the shelf, and opened the pantry window a little, so that the theft would be attributed to their ancient cat Abigail. It was a deed which sorely troubled Charlissy's conscience, especially the wrong done to Abigail, a cat of great integrity. And then she was suddenly overwhelmed by the recollection of Charlotte's accusations. A loan of money was a matter of business, she said to herself, but the pie really seemed to savor of indiscretion. So she had replaced it upon the shelf.

"If he only had a mite of apple-sauce!" she repeated, anxiously. She went around to the door and knocked, lightly at first, then more vigorously several times. Clearly, Lyman was not eager for visitors.

"It's nobody but me, Charlissy Porter, Lyman," she said, as she heard him approach the door and hesitate.

He opened the wide doors, and quickly shut and fastened them again after Charlissy had stepped in.

"The boys are pesterin' me consid'able most of the time," he said. He manifested no surprise at the visit, and, in fact, so oblivious was Carmel to conventionalities that no one would have thought it unusual or in any degree improper. If what Charlotte had said had not been rankling in Charlissy's bosom she would scarcely have blushed or stammered.

"I've heard that you was in trouble, Lyman, and there's that money that Uncle Eli left me layin' idle in the bank—I thought mebbe if you could use it— It's nigh upon two thousand dollars now."

"I hain't been used well, Charlissy, and that's a fact. I ain't one to be as suspicious as some, and there's folks that's took advantage of it. I take it kind of you, Charlissy, but I couldn't use your money nohow. Mebbe you think like most folks that I hain't any right to be here protectin' of my property?"

"I don't know enough about the rights of it to say, and you know, Lyman, I ain't one to argerfy or give advice, but I wish 't you wouldn't stay here."

"Well, folks has said 'most everything to me, but I don't know as anybody has said that before," said Lyman, with a short laugh that had a softer sound than his speech. "I couldn't take your money nor any other woman's, Charlissy, for I hain't had the best of luck with money, that's a fact; but if I was goin' to *hear* to anybody"—Lyman's voice actually trembled slightly—"as fur back as I can remember there ain't never been anybody but you, Charlissy, that I've—"

Clatter! clatter! Crash! crash! Tommy Jessop, with a bean-slinger, was just outside the chancel window, preferring that because it was stained, and it would consequently be greater mischief to break it. Through a rent in Elias's yellow robe beans and pebbles came rattling down into the broad aisle, even so far as to threaten the safety of Lyman's kerosene lamp.

"It ain't safe—it ain't a mite safe! I do wish 't you wouldn't stay, Lyman," said Charlissy, trembling.

She slipped out as Lyman opened the door to go in pursuit of the disturber. As soon as her nerves were steadied by the reflection that boys with pebbles were not likely to be Lyman's death, a peaceful happiness filled her soul.

"I don't know what more he was goin' to say; I don't know as I want to know. 'Twas enough! I hope it ain't perfane, but I feel as if I was happy enough to die this very minute!"

Tommy Jessop, with his bean-slinger, an unconscious Fate, rushed by her with fiendish whoopings.

"I can't seem to feel sorry that he broke in. Seems as if 'twas all right. I know now that I hain't been dreamin' and imaginin' all these years. Charlotte would say that I drove him to sayin' it, but I know Lyman ain't one to be drove nor one to say more'n what he feels. I wish 't I had had a chance to say more about his lettin' the 'Piscopals have that lot. I don't know as it would have done any good, but it does kind of appear as if he cared something about what I thought."

She borrowed a cup of yeast of a neighbor—her ostensible errand out that night—and when she reached home she slipped quietly into her place at the supper-table, trying hard to look as meek and subdued as usual. But Aunt Nabby said:

"The air is real kind of bracin' to-night, ain't it? I declare if it hain't made you rosy. You look 'most as if you was a girl agin."

"Some folks hain't any realizin' sense, and they always look young," said Charlotte, who had no suspicion of the extent of

Charlissy's revolt, but felt from her appearance that she needed to be sat down upon still more.

Meanwhile Lyman had returned from a fruitless pursuit of Tommy Jessop, and was washing his dishes so abstractedly that he often stood still and gazed into space with the dish-towel in his hand.

"Beats all how plump that was comin' out, when I used to lay awake nights thinkin' how I could get up courage to say it! Thinkin', too, whether 'twould answer, there was so much that I could see for and agin marriage. I was consid'able afraid of her then. I seem to have kind of got over it—and yet I hain't altogether, neither. I don't expect I could ever get so far agin to save me, not knowin' how she'd take it, either, seein' I didn't speak when I'd ought to, and she must have expected it. Kind of cur'us that, so set as I be and always was, I should have been so backward and unstiddy about courtin'. And I always set by Charlissy too. She wanted to lend me her money, about all she's got, too, I know! She felt bad about my bein' here; she really felt bad. I hain't been thinkin' much of anything about Charlissy for a long spell now. Beats all that it should upset me so, her feelin' bad!"

"Lyman Silsbee's been fetched to a better mind," said old Solomon Hitchings, who had come the next morning to finish his job of umbrella-mending. "He's cleared out and left the old meetin'-house; gone home jest as peaceable as a lamb, and they say he don't calc'late to hender the 'Piscopals nor make no claim on 'em no more. There ain't nobody that can make out what changed him so sudden, such a one for holdin' out as he was. Some calc'lates Frank Hurd must 'a paid him, but there ain't nobody that knows nothin' about it."

Charlissy was flushing and trembling, with a blissful suspicion. Could it be possible that Lyman's strong will had bent at her light touch?

He came the next Wednesday evening, picking up the thread of habit so quietly that he seemed unconscious of having dropped it. He was even more taciturn than usual, and made no mention of his late experiences. His business difficulties were only slowly overcome, and it was evident that he had not been influenced by any tardy repentance of the unrighteous Frank Hurd. What had brought him to a better mind the only one who suspected would never tell.

When he hired Squire Meacham's new top buggy and took Charlissy to the Agricultural Fair and the County Conference the gossips whispered. Even Aunt Nabby was heard to say that she "shouldn't be a dretful sight surprised if 'twas a match. Lyman wa'n't one that would be to everybody's fancy, but it kind of seemed as if he suited Charlissy."

But Lyman Silsbee knew in his heart that he should never be able to finish the sentence which Tommy Jessop's bean-slinger had interrupted.

"It's cur'us now," he said to himself. "I give up to her when nothin' else on earth could 'a made me give up. But to fetch myself right to the p'int of askin' her to have me, I can't! There's some that has the gift of courtin' and marryin' and some that hain't, and that's jest where 'tis."

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

By the COUNTESS VON KROCKOW.

CHRISTMAS belongs historically to the Northland; the Christmas tree first rooted in its meagre soil, and St. Nicholas put on his earliest disguises for its ill-faring folk.

It was their Yul, or midwinter fest;* a fact that is known, but often left out of sight—from a timid piety, no doubt, to Christ. Writers, when they mention the change, follow one another in attributing it to the priests. Christian priests are supposed to have tried to suppress the Yul feste, and, when this proved impracticable, to have formed a fixed purpose of adopting certain of the heathenish rites; which purpose they carried out, imposing only a new reason for observing them.

Historians lean this way. Like the old school of novel-writers, they are fond of attributing consistency and depth of plan to the actions of their favorite heroes, although, perhaps, one needs to have been bred with the modern insight into the spontaneousness of the people, and to have been transplanted into North Germany and lived through Christmas celebrations there, to be struck by the inadequateness of the old explications. For certainly they are inadequate. The observance of Jesus' birth was not set through by the craft of priests; it was incorporated voluntarily into their season of joy by the people.

In this gloomy land, where the sky sinks with heaviness over a flat and desolate landscape, with its huddled villages, sparse, naked trees without shadows, and fields without snow; where cold shivers the body in spite of furs, and one sombre day revolves after another through long weeks without change, the winter solstice is not remembered as an astronomical fact that was learned at school. The popular heart, instead, is alive to it. The lengthening of the day is looked forward to with a patient resignation that is characteristic of oppressed classes and peoples, while inexplicable and irritating to freer ones. As it approaches with the same massiveness, however, feeling stirs and surges; Christmas, when it comes at length, is a robust outburst of the most homely joy. The popular heart never cavils over the exactness of dates. Nor is it an analyzer. The German's season for joy has always been the Yule-tide—the tide of the lengthening of daylight and promise of spring. So it was with his father and his father's father. If the Saviour's birth took place at Yule, it was a fresh recommendation for Him, and an added gratification to them.

* The 25th of December first appeared in the Church's calendar of festivals, as the anniversary of Christ's birth, in the year 354.

New-Year's Day, which is so observed among the newer energetic peoples of the West, has few popular peculiar customs of its own among Germans, and enjoys infinitely less attention than with us. For the people, the fresh year began essentially in Christmas week. It is the rich who send cards to friends, and the men who drink on the Eve of Sylvester. Nor is Christmas a day—it is a time. The eve of the anniversary of Christ's birth is most celebrated, it is true. This was to be conjectured from the overweening importance of the case, and the centuries during which the one fact has been emphasized. But the days before are felt to be festive by the people, and a strange thing is that they celebrate these by lighting trees, and not the two or three days after the 25th, which are the Church's holidays.

As for the festival, it holds a place in the thoughts of the leisure classes for months in advance. Thus gentlewomen whom I know begin in August to knit their yearly stint of Christmas stockings and woollen wristlets for the poor—August and September being the vacation months of the year, when little goes on. So too with girls. The journals of fashion bring out new designs for hand-work, and they begin to be on the alert for ideas for presents and for "wishes." Presents are often substantial gifts of the most practical kind. In the family circle, the choice is liked to be made of those things that have been wished for, and a charming trait is the strategical manœuvring of children to find out what their elders might like. Even among friends, a thoughtless expression of a wish at this period is likely to be caught at and stored up in memory. Housewives betake themselves to a pencil, the year round, when an uncommon want in the household or their wardrobe comes to light. I looked into the wish-book of a rich noble-woman in the country. The first entries were immediately after the Christmas just past:

"A winding staircase from the nursery into the Rococo-room.
"Flowers for my gray ball-dress."
Then followed:
"A summer suit.
"One promenade suit.
"Black velvet for a new waist."
And in November, close after one another:
"A pair of inseparables, and a new cage.
"New upholstery for the furniture in my boudoir.
"Table-cover.
"Portières and English lace curtains in ditto.
"Two eight-armed Meissen candelabra—blue for the dining-table.
"A new shopping hand-bag.
"The bust of the Olympian Hermes.
"An antique chest like Baroness W——'s.
"Pair of scissors.
"Thimble—better *several* thimbles.
"Pedestal for the Hermes—must be black marble."

Children of rich parents make out their list of wishes for dolls, candy, and sledges. And the husband, who keeps no note-book, but has thought the matter over, communicates his wish; while mistresses inquire of their servants whether they prefer to have linen toward their marriage portion, a new dress, or a cupboard. Their "Christmas" forms a considerable item in the yearly wages of menials. Even native governesses and tutors often stipulate in their contracts what this shall be. In fact the Christmas fee is so important as to be mentioned in the laws governing house-servants.

As December advances, households become theatres of mysteries; of furtive hidings after one goes out, and abrupt exits as one comes in. Children upstairs screw their chubby fingers and the sympathetic tongues in their red cheeks over pieces of work that are to please mamma with their chirographic skill; and down-stairs, one corner at least in each room looks like the back of a millinery shop. Out-of-doors, in the market-square of the town, booths are set up; and day after day Knechts, women hands, artisans, and peasants from the country trudge with their traipsing wives toward them through the streets; everywhere the women with children whose noses run and whose naked fingers are purple. They peer at the neighboring market-man's wares while their Vater, on finishing a bargain, holds his hand out for a shake to the over-busy tradesman, who is all cordiality before a trade, but somewhat preoccupied the instant after.

At dusk the booths in country towns are closed up—all except the Pfeffer-cake man's. *He* can afford to burn lights. He is sure of custom from servant-maids, soldiers, and Burschen. They have eaten the batch themselves which they bought on their afternoon off for their sweethearts, and come sneaking out by night for another. They buy a slice for twelve cents, thrust it under their apron or jacket, and hurry home. Fine sorts of Pfeffer-cake are wrapped up in paper. But for the common quality, half an ell long and near a foot wide, it does not pay for the expense of wrapping-paper any more than bread does. Reckon the flour in it at two cents a pound, the molasses at four cents, Pfeffer (spices) at three cents, and potash to raise it with at half a cent—the profit is small enough when you take into account the cost of fuel for baking, and the labor and expense of bringing the wares to market. House-keepers bake some; but even housewives in the country buy Pfeffer-cake in the town, as being cheaper and saving trouble.

The whole week is felt to be festive, and on any afternoon that may be convenient the children of the parish collect at the school-house, and are marshalled into the room, where charitable women and the pastor have trimmed a Christmas tree with candles and laid out garments and Pfeffer-cake on tables for each of their number. In the country, on large estates, an evening is chosen in the same way. The inspector's family is invited; the gardener's, the coachman's, and the laborers' children are ordered to appear. The footman ushers the bustling Herr Inspector and family into the sitting-room for the moment; the shy, frozen children trudge up the steps of the mansion, and the Herr Tutor, who is on the lookout, sees that they form themselves into line and remain so while waiting; their elders keep behind, to show that they understand of themselves that her Ladyship thinks most of the brats.

Within the long dining-hall, meanwhile, the mistress of the house, the children, and the footman have begun to light the tree. Long, uncovered tables against the walls are spread with portions, each with a cap and Pfeffer-cake for the lads, a pair of wristlets, flannel for a petticoat, and Pfeffer-cake for the girls; the coachman's, the gardener's, and the shepherd's families get Pfeffer-cake and worn-out garments of their master's children, with money, and perhaps pieces of flannel; the table for inspectors and their wives is laid with a cloth; the tree is meant for them, and their Pfeffer-cake and presents are superior and considerable. The housewife casts a look over all, then welcomes "inspectors" who are being conducted into the hall by her husband. A sign is made to the footman. He has been waiting for it. Instantly he opens the door, and gives a gruff command to the clumsy file of shivering, sniffling children, whom he steers right, as they come forward, by pulling the shoulders of the lads and shoving the backs of the younger children. Each child says "good-evening." Then begins a coughing and a wiping of noses with the palms of swollen little red hands. The legs of the young children are bent out in curves by the rickets. They stand stupidly as in church, and show little admiration or excitement, but sing when the Herr Tutor directs them to, with their hands folded mechanically and their eyes absently fixed. After their aprons or the bags they brought along are sparsely filled, they say "thank you," and each in turn kisses the hand of her Ladyship and his Honor. None of them look grateful; the very youngest children are eager and curious; but some of the elder girls even venture to show the moroseness which they cherish. The coachman and the gardener feel also that they receive but their right, and that none too generously; but experience of life has taught them that more comes from masters, in the long-run, to a good-natured face than to a hanging jaw. They are brusquely servile, therefore, and their demeanor is the one relief which the mistress experiences during the unpleasant affair. She knows that she has not satisfied the vague expectations of her people; at the same time she knows that they are too dull to ever think on how many and how great are the demands made on her purse besides theirs. The servants of the house are "bescheert" on some other evening; or, if they are few in number, and the patriarchal customs of the North are still kept up, the servants' tables are spread on Christmas Eve in the same room with those of the family. In great castles the Christmas tree occupies one end of the lofty *salon*. It is trimmed with countless candles, pendants of gilded and silver balls, chains of paper, bonbons, nuts, and every device of glittering small objects, and over the whole is spun a gossamer woof of silver thread, or "angel's hair." The hall looks like a sumptuous bazar. The housewife arranges all the tables except her own; she covers her husband's, and leaves the room when he comes in to spread out the gifts that have accumulated for her. The tree is then lighted, the house-bell sounded, and the flock of children and the servants let in. The father reads from the Bible, the children recite verses, or sing falsely "O still Night, O Holy Eve!" then scamper to the tables.

There is no German who is not affected by the fragrance of fir as by an incense, who does not hear to the close of life the Christmas bell and see the Christmas lights, softening in the distance of memory. The silver woofs of the lighted trees are fair symbols of the shining threads of Christmas joy which they receive from their parents and weave further into the hands of their children, for the tenants and servants, who feel constrained while under the eyes of their Master and in unfamiliar surroundings, swell over with festive feelings when among themselves, as their Master's own family when left alone.

The house-servants beware of seeming awed by the imposing splendor of the Christmas hall; with the calm indifference that befits personages familiar with key-holes and the opportunities for applying an eye to the same, they bestow patronizing appreciation upon the baby and young children of the house. Only the scullion-maids knock their heads in embarrassed tips as they herd together, and stand nudging one another before the tree, commenting in whispers, or turning half round to cast a side-long glance at the servants' tables. When their mistress admonishes them at last to see what they have received, they do not betray a Knecht's avidity; not they! With a superficial glance over the tables that is more flattering to their own sense of dignity than for their mistress, they kiss their Honors' hands and retire, carrying their presents and Christmas fee of money with them.

It is in the kitchen where their connoisseurism of the qualities of linen and the worth of Pfeffer-cake is exercised. Servants give one another presents, and if no tree is donated by their mistress, they buy and trim one with wax-lights themselves. The beautiful silver fir with brown stem and silver needles costs often several dollars. But of the two hundred thousand trees that are sold every year in Berlin,* scarce eight thousand are so dear as this. The average firs and pines are to be had for twenty-five cents, and small trees from ten to two cents apiece. The poorest buy one. Mothers remember their dead. I see every winter in the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries in Silesia tiny Christmas trees, trimmed with paper flowers, sticking in the sod or snow of children's graves.

In the northern provinces it is Ruprecht who brings gifts to good children, and the Rider of the White Horse who lashes naughty ones. They arrive early on Christmas Eve. In Mecklenburg the gifts come thrown in, and the household waits for the Yule clapping. Intensely exciting are Yule's packages. Each one is wrapped in successive papers, with successive addresses, so that no one knows if it will stay with him, or whether he must hand it farther. Then there are St. Nickolaus and the snow-man; but it is the baby Christ who brings the most.

Children are often shown the wooden images of Jesus, the Virgin, and the shepherds and kings in the stable. The effort, indeed, to realize the fact of Christ's birth is made with a hearty intenseness in Germany, with a naïveness, a warm sense of reverent and robust fondness that is touching. Thus the church bells ring on the afternoon of Holy Eve. The booths on the market-square have been emptied; they are forsaken, and their clumsy scaffoldings stand out black against the sombre sky of the open and draughty area; the shops of the bordering streets that swarmed with purchasers turn now their lamps down. Every house-door opens. Children issue forth; later their elders, in a hurried-on mantle or coat, come out and make their way with the crowds that trudge and slip forward—Protestant toward the Dom, the unpopular community of Catholics to the ancient chapel near the castle gate. Servant-maids wind shawls about their heads as they come running; and tardy lads rush toward the chandler's shop, trying to thrust their hands into their pockets for the coppers with which they were to buy a spiral of waxed wick. The bell ceases to ring. Presently the town streets are also still.

The Dom was once Catholic, but since Luther's time is Protestant, with six thousand parishioners. The gilded carvings of the pulpit, that is fastened high up against the wall; the flamboyant altar in the distant end of the nave, with its crucifix and candles, to-day alight; the gilded baptismal font; the white stone sacrament-house; the painted image of the Virgin and child in their obscure and dusty niche—these, and the ancient carvings of wood, and the old and recent memorial slabs in the walls, however familiar they may be, strike the sight anew in their Holy Eve light. The massive stucco walls seem mightier and higher, and the dense crowd in the narrow length of the pavement betrays why the galleries are built tier over tier aloft. You have paid the bell-ringer a fee at the door for a programme and mounted the few steps into your box, with its leather-covered high-backed chairs and trellis window-sashes. You leave the sashes open. The church resounds with heavenly song. You look out into it. The families of the civil magistracy sit in their official pew in front, and behind, on the benches immediately beneath you, young and old men. You are used Sundays to see certain of them stand up to rest when the oak of their seats grows too hard. They are crowded close together, as are the women in the pews and on the benches in other sections of the church. Only very few women are bareheaded; the most have warm hoods or shawls on, and girls and the wives of citizens wear modern hats. Respectable old men stand with earnest devotional mien, looking toward the organ loft, their hands in the muffs of their fur-lined sleeves. Poor mothers hold up their babies, and to quiet them point to the children on the platform of the altar, who hold lighted spirals of waxed wick in their hands. The vast church is all of stone, with stone flooring, and is unheated by anything except the vapor of human breath, the feeble wax-lights which the children hold, and the candles of the altar and of the two candelabra that hang from the lofty arch

* In Paris there are scarce thirty-five thousand sold.

of the long nave. There are herds of children in distant galleries, although you do not see them. They sing a quartet, which the people call the Angel Chant; a few words are intoned by the maidens about the altar, a line by the boys in the uppermost gallery, a third by the altos near the fount, and another by the tenors in the distant organ-loft—a melody of Gregorian simplicity, affecting enough in surroundings like these to make one weep.

In America we have nothing like this—no spot consecrated to memory, where poor and simple people sit with one, under one's eyes, and surrender themselves to the moving influence of great architecture, and the accumulated remembrances of all the solemn sensations of life; for if a cathedral imposes an awe upon us, what must the poor feel who come out of close and low-ceilinged rooms, who come seldom out-of-doors, even into the stately lines of city streets? Their sense expands and exalts itself; but their homely visual life meanwhile keeps on its familiar hold, and this hold suits Christmas intimately.

Nothing exceeds the homeliness, I think, of Luther's Christmas hymns. There are not found words caressing enough for Jesus. The new-born babe is Jesuslein, the dear, sweet little Jesus; kindlein, the holy, holy babe; he lies in a little, little manger, wrapped in little, little silly dippies; is sweet, genteel; he puts his paddy out for his mother's breast. One hymn is thirteen stanzas long, and is sung all through, as if contemplation could not linger long enough upon the scene. There is no tinge in my translation of the rustic, homely fervor, of the tenderness and adoration of the original, only some of its sense:

1.

"From heaven above I come to you.
I bring such tidings good and new!
Such tidings, and so much I bring
As ever I can speak or sing.

2.

"A little child is born for you
From out a Virgin good and pure,
A babe so frail and so genteel,
'Tis meant to be your joy and weal."

5.

"Now look in what a strait he's brought—
Mangers and little dippies coarse;
In these you'll find the baby laid
Who all the world supports and made."

7.

"Give heed, my heart, and have a care.
What's lying in that manger there?
To whom belongs that baby fine?
It is the little Jesuslein."

THE GRANDMOTHER KNITTING A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

9.

"Ah! Lord, my lord omnipotent,
How lowly, lowly doest thou sink;
On hard dry grass thou mak'st thy bed,
From which an ass and cows have fed.

10.

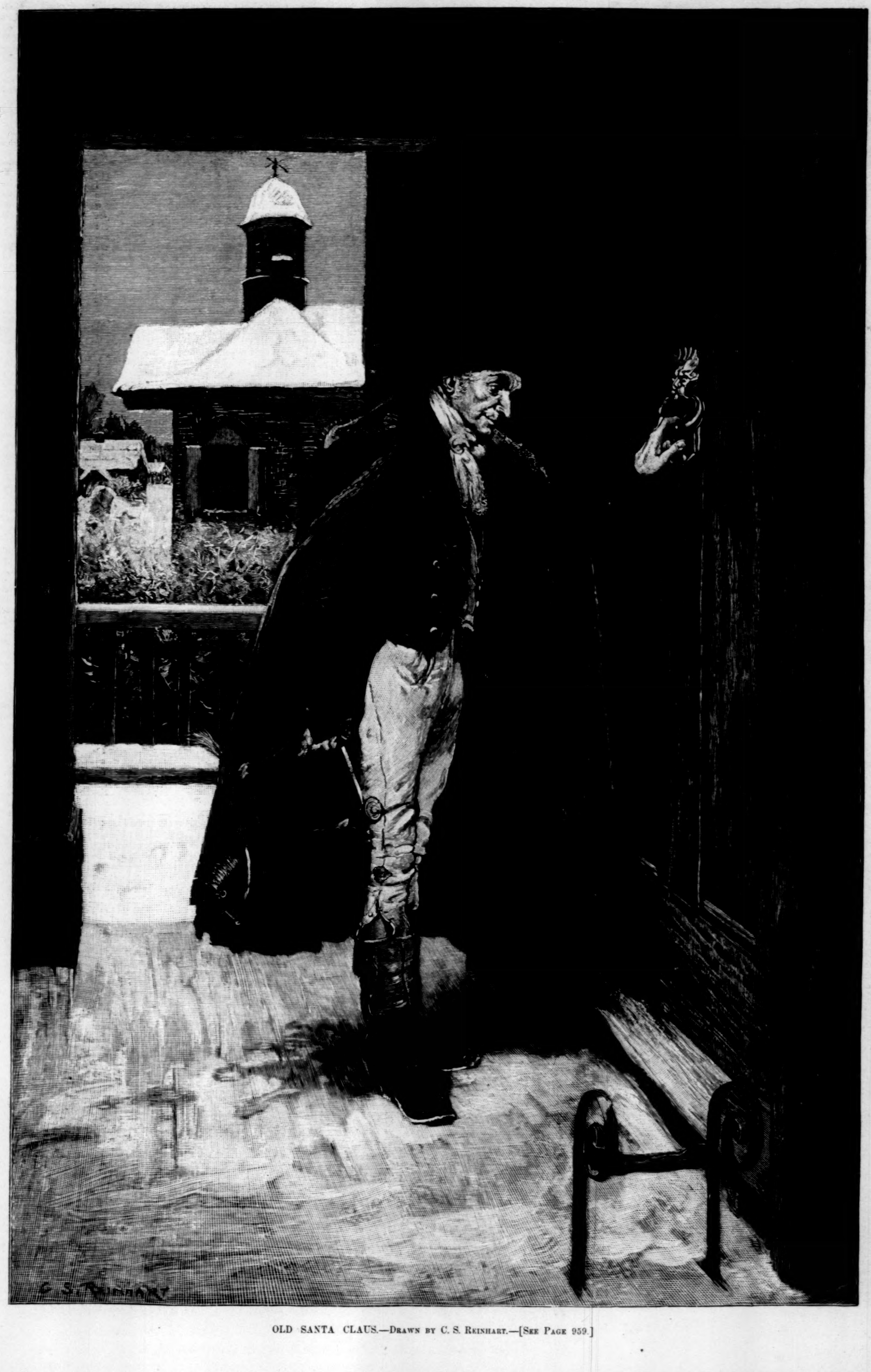
"While were the world again so broad,
With precious stones and gold befloored,
'Twould form for thee too small a spot
To make a little narrow cot."

When the church becomes silent, the pastor stretches forth his arms from the pulpit in benediction, and begins his sermon. Your memory meanwhile becomes illuminated by the gas-lights of the warm, carpeted church of your youth, and the shining eyes of the Sunday-school classes looking toward the tree near the pulpit from their cushioned pews in front. Here the children stand; herded, packed close on the stone pavement; they are so many—not of a school, but of a whole parish. They bedrip each other with wax without being able to hardly give a nudge or push of remonstrance. They stand first on one tired foot, then on the other. The sermon, you think, will be short, but it is not. One by one the wax tapers burn out in their hands. The congregation, although composed of their parents and relatives, betray no sympathy nor concern; the children themselves remain standing obediently, expecting none.

When church is out, the streets are alive again for a short space; but before seven in every house the Christmas tree is alight, and nothing moves outside. One pictures the children having their turn of joy. Fish is eaten on Holy Eve, and a pudding made of sweetbread and the seeds of the poppy—of the plant that already in the classic world was the symbol of sleep and reawakening. At the Christmas Day dinner, goose filled with a farce or with apples replaces the American turkey. On every day and almost at every hour Pfeffer-cake is munched. If there is much eating, there is much visiting and occasion for sociability.

The German Christmas, among celebrations, is like a ballad among lyrics and odes. Its humaneness, its heartiness, its frankness and completeness, are not due to institution, to ordinances of the state. Nor is the festival sufficiently accounted for by Religion and the Church, but only as a part of the sentiment of the race.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY—DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS TO PEASANT CHILDREN AT THE SCHLOSS.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 971.]



OLD SANTA CLAUS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 959.]

NEW YORK—MIDNIGHT.

O MIGHTY city, is there any hour
From daybreak till another dawning comes,
When the white dove of peace can droop her wings
In sweet compassion o'er thy throbbing heart?
Is there no respite from the thund'ring wheels,
The clangor of the bells? Art thou not sick
Of too much life? Canst thou not sleep
While the calm stars a pitying vigil keep?
Is there no shore in this loud, stunning tide
Whereon thy waves could break, and then be still?
Canst thou not lift thine eyes to yon blue heaven
And in its boundless peace hide thy unrest?
Canst thou not cast the burden of thy care
On the great Heart of Love beyond the stars?

ANNIE S. SWAN.

THE VALBELLA BROTHERS.

IT isn't necessary for me to tell how I drifted into the burnt-cork profession, but I tell you, after my preliminary experience of life without burnt cork, I was glad enough when I could march up to the manager's office and get my fifteen dollars a week for amusing my masters, the public, and I was always in such a hurry to get my money—we were paid Saturday night, after the performance—that I didn't wait to wash the burnt cork off before dropping in for the three five-dollar notes which I was certain to get; for old Sam Stacker, God bless him! was full of cranks, and always had a particular way of paying us.

Now I can't say I was a brilliant performer. I never reached the dignity of interlocutor, to say nothing of the envied height of Bones or the end man. I just stood a good way back, and pretended to play on the 'cello—I couldn't play a note, and was nothing but a dummy, but I could sing pretty well. I remember how when I came to the front I used to bring the house down with "The Nightingale." I was great on sentimental songs. Sam Stacker used to say I was a good all-round man. I was quick at figures—Sam wasn't—and I helped him out in his accounts. Then I could talk to the theatre managers and write them letters. I had had some education and bringing up in my pre-Sam Stacker days, and so somehow I staid on with the company, and saw it expand from a small variety show into a first-class minstrel performance, and old Sam always said it never would have come to that if it hadn't been for me. Of course my salary was raised after a while, and I got to putting some of it away for a rainy day.

Well, as I said, except as a singer, I wasn't good for much at first, but after a while I got to singing first-rate. I took a few lessons now and then, and I learned to sing falsetto. I was boyish-looking, although I was twenty-five years old, and I used to come out dressed in a low-necked pink silk gown, with my hair all curled up, and a bunch of puffs on the top of my head and a fan in my hand, and sing "Il Bocio" and the "Magnetic Waltz," as well as plenty of women concert singers, so the people said. Those curls, though, on the top of my head, used to bother me dreadfully. It took Sam and me a good quarter of an hour to get them in place, and Sam invariably swore like a pirate during the operation. All the time I was singing I was thinking about my back hair.

For a long time a notion had been in my head to bring out something original in the show. All minstrel shows are alike, and I couldn't for the life of me hit on anything that Sam Stacker didn't say, "Oh, I seen that down in Tennessee in '58," or "That there thing was introduced in New Orleens along about '61," or something discouraging of the kind. At last I did hit upon something. It's old enough now, but it was new then.

The first thing I wanted to find was a fellow about my size and general appearance. He wasn't easy to find. Some of them were as tall as I, but too broad; some were just my shape, but too tall. At last I found him. He was pretty nearly my double by the time we had made up alike. He was exactly five feet seven—my height to a dot—and we were the same shape and size, and the calves of our legs looked as if we were twin brothers. This was a great point, because it was very important that our legs should resemble each other—and the resemblance was startling. Sometimes I could hardly tell which pair belonged to him and which to me, but it was all one, as they were both remarkably fine-looking pairs of legs, particularly in white silk tights and red silk stockings.

He was a pleasant fellow, too. His first name was Ted, and mine was Ned; our last names are unimportant—no matter about mine certainly—and we were advertised in the bills as

THE GREAT VALBELLA BROTHERS!!!

UNEQUALLED GYMNASTS! *EXQUISITE CLOG-DANCERS!*

and a great deal else, which isn't worth putting down here. We certainly made a sensation the first night we appeared in our great specialty. It was in a big opera-house, and every seat was filled; and immediately after the first part, "by the whole company," in which Ted and I had stood in the background, I sawing away on the big 'cello with a stop on it, and Ted making believe to blow the clarionet, both of us joining in the singing as occasion required, our turn came to appear.

We had rehearsed pretty well, and when the big curtain rolled up, and Ted and I bounded out on the stage dressed in a kind of jockey costume—white silk tights with red silk stockings, blue satin shirts with jockey caps of blue and red, and jockeys' whips in our hands—we both felt pretty cool. Then we began our clog-dance. It was the finest kind of clog-dancing, I will say, although I did part of it myself, and then we introduced a new feature, singing while the clogs rattled on the floor, and every muscle moving alike. Of course it took—the singing as much as the dancing—and the people hurrahed and clapped and shouted, and wouldn't leave off until we had gone over it three times, and the end man had come on the stage and asked permission for the other performers to go home and go to bed, as the audience seemed fully satisfied with the Valbella Brothers. Then they laughed, and we got back to our dressing-room, when old Sam Stacker stood ready to hug us both.

But it was at the last scene that our really great performance came off. I had a pretty hard time making Sam Stacker agree to the expense for this act, but as we were playing a two weeks' engagement, I finally bullied him into it. It required cutting away some of the flies temporarily, and putting in a twenty-foot-square skylight over the stage. This skylight opened in two sections, and after our second appearance, more clog-dancing and more scientific ground-tumbling, a big red balloon descended slowly from the roof. At the bottom of this was a double trapeze, and as soon as the balloon came within reach the Valbella Brothers sprang up, we had to get rid of some weights pretty cleverly to make the balloon rise, because we couldn't manage the sand-bags commonly used—grabbed at the trapeze, and performed the double-trapeze act while the great illuminated balloon rose slowly in the air up—up, up, through the roof. Of course on the outside two or three fellows stood on the roof, while we threw them a rope with which they held on to the balloon while we jumped off; and then the gas was let out, and the balloon folded up and laid away for the next day, because after the first night we had to give two performances—one in the afternoon and one in the evening—to satisfy the people, and then the "standing-room only" sign was out before the doors were opened.

Nothing like the applause was ever known before. The people yelled and stamped and shouted, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. After a considerable time had passed, Sam Stacker came to the foot-lights and made a speech. Sam never lost a chance of making a speech. He said the balloon couldn't rise more than six miles in the air, and neither one of the Valbella Brothers could swim a stroke, and if we were killed he intended to support our wives and children during the rest of his natural life. We didn't either of us have a wife and children, but Sam didn't stick at a little thing like that. Meanwhile Ted and I were drinking ginger-pop behind the scenes, and hearing every word Sam was saying. Then Sam made his bow, and retired to find our mangled remains, according to his alleged anticipations; and finding us whole and sound, punishing the ginger-beer, he led us before the curtain, and we received what the newspapers the next day called "a magnificent ovation." And old Sam Stacker almost cried when he counted up the box receipts, and took us up to his hotel and gave us champagne as if it was Apollinaris-water.

I haven't said anything all this time about Jennie Hobbs, but she was a person of great importance to me just then. She was a dancer—we had quite a respectable ballet troupe with us that year. She wasn't the *première danseuse*, but she stood in the front row, and figured in the bills as Mlle. Celestine Buzac de la Montigny. Sam Stacker invented that name. He said it sounded fine. It certainly did. She had come to him one morning just before we started on the road and had asked for work. She was a modest little thing, like a plenty of other ballet girls I know; and I found out afterward she supported her bedridden sister and took care of her little brother out of her small wages. Sam was in a hurry, and told her I was his representative—a great way he had when he didn't want to be troubled with people; so I put Miss Jennie Hobbs through her paces, and saw she was a pretty good little dancer. We had as the *première danseuse* Mlle. Dagmar—I don't know what her name in private life was. She was a fine dancer, but a stupid creature, without any invention, and couldn't do anything she hadn't been taught; and in a company like ours we wanted somebody that was equal to emergencies, which Dag—we called her that for short—wasn't. Jennie Hobbs was just that. She turned out a trump. Of course we couldn't bring her forward over Dag's nose, nor have her name very prominently billed; but she didn't seem to mind that, so long as she got an increase of wages, and something for her little brother to do along with the company; and she was worth all she got, and more too. She never put herself forward, but when Mlle. Dagmar was ill, which at first was about twice a week regularly, she took her place, and did almost as well—so well in fact that it acted on Dag as the advertisements say Hop Bitters acts—it cured her right off of several chronic complaints of long standing, and from being ill half her time (though nobody would have suspected it from her robust appearance) she got able to dance six nights and two afternoons in the week the whole season, and never gave Jennie Hobbs another chance to take her place. Then Jennie used to suggest little alterations and improvements in the performance that Mlle. Dagmar listened to readily enough, as it always brought her bouquets and applause, and Jennie actually made her think that Dagmar originated them herself.

Well, the night of our first ascent—it wasn't more than thirty-five feet—after the fellows who managed the balloon had got it anchored to the roof, and we had climbed down and had got back in the theatre and made our appearance before the foot-lights, and the curtain had been rung up and down half a dozen times, and at last the audience had dispersed, somebody inquired for Mlle. de la Montigny. Just then her brother, little Jack Hobbs, tore upon the stage, yelling for somebody to go to Jennie. Of course there was a rush for her dressing-room, headed by Sam Stacker and Dag, with Ted and me following close behind. There lay Jennie on the floor in her tights and spangles, her head resting uncomfortably on a chair, and apparently in a dead faint. Nobody knew how long she had been there, as Jack, who always came to take his sister home after the performance, couldn't explain anything for sobbing and crying, except that after the balloon went up, and Sam Stacker came before the curtain and told that astounding lie about the balloon being six miles in the air, and made his magnificent offer to take care of our wives and children that didn't exist, Jennie had tumbled over, screaming, "Oh, Ted," or "Oh, Ned," Jack couldn't remember which. He hadn't been able to bring her to since. Sam slapped her hands, Dag loosened her dress, and I produced a brandy flask, which Ted was about to take out of my hand and put to her lips, but I preferred doing that myself, and quietly pushed him away while I supported her head and got a few drops of brandy between her teeth. In a few minutes of this vigorous treatment she recovered, did like all people coming out of a fainting fit—sat up, wondered where she was, had it all come back to her in a moment, and seizing Jack, began to cry hysterically. Jack yelled too, so we had a devil of a commotion for a while; but Sam, who had sublime common-sense, put an end to it by calling a carriage, packing Dag and Jack and Jennie in it, and sending them off to Jennie's lodgings. Then we went to Sam's hotel and got the champagne before mentioned.

But somehow, although Sam and the other fellows—we got together a lot of them—toasted us as the Valbella Brothers, and commended forever our fraternal alliance, we didn't feel like brothers. We had been the best of friends, but that little blubbering rascal Jack Hobbs had planted something in our hearts that grew like Jonah's gourd. Which was it, Ted or Ned, that Jennie Hobbs had fainted about when we went through the roof hanging on to each other by our teeth, our legs, and everything except our hands, and doing the double-trapeze act like daisies? There was the trouble. Was it Ted or was it Ned? I had had a soft place for Jennie in my heart for a considerable time, but I had determined to wait until I found out whether I had any chance or not, and then Ted—Valbella I'll call him for want of something better—had come along, and seemed to like her too. But I had not paid much attention to it until that night. Ted was good-looking—I almost groaned when I saw how good-looking he was—and a sober, honest, industrious fellow to boot.

Somehow Sam and the other fellows seemed to realize that we weren't quite so brotherly as we had been, and consequently they enlarged upon our fraternal feelings, and represented us as being much more deeply attached to each other than we ever could have been; but at last it was all over, and we started to walk home—we had lodgings together. As we came out into the quiet streets I noticed Ted seemed to expect me to speak.

"Now see here," said I, turning to him; "you know what that little rascal said to-night?"

"Yes, I know," said Ted, doggedly; "and I know what Jennie Hobbs said too."

"It's more than anybody else does," said I, feeling as if I wanted to choke him. "We'd better not discuss that now," said I, presently; "we've both had some champagne, and I want to think things over, and so do you, perhaps; so we'll just let it rest until to-morrow."

"Just as you like," said Ted, sulkily.

We went home and went to bed, both rather worn out with excitement. Next morning, just as we were dressed and going to get some breakfast, Sam Stacker came in, boiling. I don't know who could have told him, or whether he guessed at it from the way we looked the night before, but he evidently knew that something was up between us. So he sat right down and gave us a talking to.

"Now, boys," says he, very earnestly, "you see how it is. You've made a tremendous hit with that there balloon feature. Last night when I came out and told that there whopper about the balloon bein' six miles in the air, and broached that benevolent scheme about your families, you ought to have heard the women scream; two of 'em had to be carried out in convulsions, and it would be worth five thousand dollars' advertising if one of 'em was to die. Of course if you fellows quarrel, we'll have to drop the Valbella Brothers altogether, and that 'll make a difference in your salaries. Besides, if you both get to making love to Jennie Hobbs, it will upset the whole business, and I'll just have to pay her the penalty in her contract, and get somebody else in her place. That 'll be hard on her, poor girl, as she'll lose the best chance she's had yet of getting introduced to the public. I really had hoped you two fellows would have kept out of difficulties with each other," continued Sam, groaning. "I swear there's but one thing worse than quarrelling in a theatrical company, and that is love-making. Blamed if I don't post a fine for any man in the company that's caught looking at a woman. Love, anyhow, is the durndest, foolishest business on top of the earth, and here are you two fellows actually risking a cut of twenty dollars a week for the sake of a petticoat. It's wicked, I say, and blasphemous, and it 'll ruin the show business. And here you've gone and brought the whole infernal business on my head, and I've been a good friend to you both; and—and it's a shame—and—"

Sam stopped, almost crying. Neither one of us fully believed his threat about parting with Jennie, but it would clearly lead to trouble and loss of money on all sides if the Valbella Brothers came to grief. So it was tacitly understood that for the remainder of the season neither one of us should say a word to Jennie, and should go on as usual; and afterward each would try his luck with the pretty little dancer. Sam Stacker had intimated privately to me that if we left off our trapeze performance he and the rest of the company would construe it that I was afraid to risk it with Ted, considering the feeling between us, and I think he also managed to convey the same idea to Ted, and it had its effect on each. Sam swore that he intended to advise Jennie to marry the trombone, who had three wives in various stages of divorce, seven small children, and one eye, out of which he ogled Jennie, and who alternated between the show business and that of a professional revivalist.

After that we went along as usual, and except that we were more than commonly polite to each other, nobody would have suspected anything was the matter. While we had been friends we often had little tiffs; but after we became enemies—for that was what we inevitably became—we were politer than French dancing-masters to each other. We didn't do the balloon-trapeze act everywhere. If we only made one-night stands, or if the stage was too small, or if the lessee of the house objected to it, we didn't have it, but still we had five or six weeks of it before Christmas, and Jennie never would witness it, but went and hid her face when it came off—so that only made it plainer that she liked one of us, but which one nobody could guess. It often occurred to me when we were rising slowly on that trapeze in front of the foot-lights, doing all kinds of monkey tricks while the people yelled and shouted, and the balloon was going up into the flies, that Ted could do me a mischief that nobody would know anything about after I was mashed and bruised out of shape by the fall, and I dare say he thought the same of me. Nothing happened, however, until one night—it was the very night before Christmas. Now, excepting the bad blood between the Valbella Brothers, I don't believe there was a man or a woman in that company who wasn't at peace and in good-will with the others that blessed Christmas Eve. Sam Stacker was such a kind, honest, soft-hearted but hard-headed old customer that he made quarrelling unpopular and almost impossible. He had given us all something that day, and Jennie Hobbs's was the best of any. I wanted to give Jennie something too, but I hardly thought it fair to my understanding with Ted. But just before the performance began, Jennie came to me, smiling and blushing very much, and said,

"I've—I've got a Christmas gift for you."

"Have you?" cried I, delighted.

"You've been so k—k—kind to me," she stammered, "getting Mr. Stacker to give me an engagement, and taking Jack along too, and—and—all—that. I want you to wear this in memory of a friend." And she held out to me a little ring with a coral set to it, and inside, sure enough, was, "In memory of a friend." Of course I was delighted, and I must say I tried to kiss her, but she slapped my face, and I went back where Dag and a lot of fellows were and showed my Christmas gift, and they all laughed and wanted to know when it was coming off. I dare say now it wasn't very generous to show it and boast of it, but the temptation was irresistible, and, besides, it was no breach of our engagement. I had made no advances to Jennie, and perhaps, as I thought a little dispiritedly, the mere friendliness of my behavior may have been the reason she gave me the ring. But you may be sure I kept that impression to myself, and was willing to let the rest of the people think the whole thing was settled.

Ted had seen it all, and I knew he was a determined fellow, with a devilish temper when he was roused, and he had enough to rouse him that night. When we came on the stage together for our clog-dancing he was apparently as cool and smiling as ever, but I saw danger in his eye. Mine didn't quail, I don't think; and as we stood side by side, our arms and shoulders touching, while the clogs clattered, and we sang our best songs full of good hits, I knew that the final struggle was coming that night, and I knew too that it would be on the trapeze. Naturally I took fire too, and cared no more for breaking up the Valbella Brothers and interfering with Sam Stacker's plans, nor, indeed, for anything except that Ted should not get the better of me. The jealous devil possessed us both. The performance went off first-rate. The Dagmar was ill again for a wonder—this time a real *bona fide* illness, and Jennie had to take her place. She came out all in clouds of tulle, and danced a ballet divertissement called "La Marguerite," in which she pulled a daisy to pieces to see if she was loved. She danced it beautifully, and fairly brought the house down, and when she got through she had half a dozen bouquets of flowers, and a great big trapeze made of flowers was tilted over the heads of the orchestra to her. I had had nothing to do with it, but she thought I had, and turned to me as I stood in the wings and courtesied so prettily that it fairly maddened Ted, who saw it all, and thought too I had sent it to her, and thereby broken our agreement. I didn't choose to explain then and there how it was, and the next minute it was our turn to go on the stage.

We got through our part pretty well. Ted was cool, and so was I. The people applauded tremendously, and when the red balloon came slowly sailing down they almost went wild. As usual, when it came just above our heads, we jumped up, caught the trapeze, got rid of the weights by sleight-of-hand, and went up through the roof, vaulting and tumbling over each other.

In a minute or two we were through the big hole in the top. It was then the time for one of us to throw the rope to the fellows who stood about on the roof to catch it, and to haul the balloon back. But instead of throwing the rope—it was Ted's turn to throw it that night—he seized it, and gathered it up out of reach of the fellows on the roof grabbing for it, and—the balloon went flying up into the black sky!

It was a murky night, but the moon shone fitfully at intervals. As we shot up from the roof I heard a wild cry, and then another,

louder and wilder, from the people in the street, who saw us darting upward to a hideous death. For my own part, I don't remember anything for a while, but I clung instinctively to the trapeze and braced myself against the horizontal bars. I could feel that we were rushing through currents of air, but the balloon was steady, and as soon as I recovered my senses at all I looked steadily upward. We were going through clouds, and I could feel that Ted was crawling toward me on the trapeze.

At last he got quite close to me. His white, desperate face was fearful in the ghastly uncertain glare. The moon shone out, and I saw that the small rope connecting with the safety-valve was fastened around his wrist. He held it up to me.

"You understand what this means?" he said. "If I go over, the valve comes open."

I understood well enough.

"Now," he said, "we can settle about Jennie Hobbs."

It was cold, and my teeth were chattering, but I managed to say: "It's all settled, it strikes me. We are both dead men."

"Not I," said he. "I have been studying up balloons on the sly. I know all about this one. I can manage her. Now tell me, will you give up Jennie Hobbs? If you don't—" He pointed to the clouds scurrying beneath us.

"You are a sneak and a liar," I said. "We've both got to die this Christmas Eve, but you'll meet your Maker a murderer and a suicide."

The balloon, it seemed to me, was stationary then. He crept closer and closer to me. I could see the whites of his eyes. I thought my time had come. I could not remember any words of prayer, but my soul uttered its inarticulate cry, which God can hear.

Suddenly the balloon gave a furious lurch, and before my very eyes I saw him jerked violently backward. I have no clear recollection of what happened next. I suppose, with an acrobat's instinct, he clutched the bar. But I felt the balloon descending with a horrible rush that no human being could describe. Then it slacked up, and I saw Ted clinging with both hands to the trapeze, his legs dangling frightfully in the air. The rope was still tied to his wrist, and the spring of the valve had closed.

It is easy enough for any active young fellow to climb on a bar if he has a good purchase with his hands; but the best acrobat in the world, suspended he knows not how far from the earth, in mortal danger and mortal terror, can't do it. I saw that Ted couldn't. I saw his terrified and distorted face turned up to mine. I won't describe what I felt in that moment. But in the half-darkness I felt the rope that the balloon had been held by slap against my face. I reached up and caught it. Then I crawled along the bar to Ted. I wanted to save him; but I also knew if he let go, the valve would come open, and we would both be dashed into limitless space. He saw me coming toward him. I suppose he thought I meant to push him off, for he uttered the first loud sound I had heard in that awful stillness—a piercing scream of anguish. I saw him clutch the bar with a wild determination that gave me courage to proceed. I made the rope into a big loop, and threw it around his body. It caught the first time, and I drew it up under his arms. Then he seemed to realize that I was trying to save him. I took the ends of the rope, and holding on firmly to the bar with my legs, wrapped the ends securely around the bar, and tied them hard and tight. Then I reached over and grasped the valve rope, and began to pull it gently.

I suppose the gas in the balloon had been considerably exhausted before, for as soon as I touched the valve we began to go down frightfully fast. I closed it up for a few moments, and noticed we were descending slowly. I opened the valve again the least in the world, and we began to go down pretty fast—not so alarmingly fast; but it had flashed through me that perhaps if we went too slowly in the beginning the gas would be exhausted before we reached the bottom, and we would be dashed to pieces, and I didn't know enough about balloons to know that the same quantity of gas would carry us the same distance fast or slow. Presently I saw a line of light which I took to be the river, then the masts of shipping in the harbor, then the church steeples, the houses, the street lamps. Oh, God! I heard the cries of human voices—so close, so close! and when we were only a few feet from the ground I got dizzy and fell—far, far into space—and went to sleep before I reached the bottom.

The next morning was Christmas morning. Ah, what a day! Maybe people think that professional acrobats haven't any religious instincts; but I know I went to church that day, and found Jennie there, and afterward we took a walk out into the country. It was a very happy walk: and she had screamed "Oh, Ned!" after all, the night that Jack made the row. This gave me much solid satisfaction.

Before I got out of my bed that morning (I had had a regular fainting spell, and had tumbled off the trapeze about ten feet from the ground, but had been caught) I opened my eyes and saw Ted standing over me. He looked like a ghost.

"Ned," said he, "I can't talk about it. I can hardly think or feel yet; but you understand," he gasped out.

I thought I did understand, so I held out my hand. His hand felt like a lump of ice. Sam Stacker was a sight to see. He was a kind-hearted fellow, and he had the hang of the whole thing. Its value as an advertisement made him perfectly dizzy with delight, but he was wild with misery at the same time, because he hadn't the cheek—and Sam was a cheeky fellow too—to propose that the Valbella Brothers should continue their performances; and between admiration and chagrin he was almost crazy. All that day he was like a wild man, and finally, considering the Valbella Brothers would discontinue their performances immediately, as our reconciliation didn't go the length of acting together again, we concluded to appear before the curtain at the close of the Christmas performance that night, just to please Sam.

As soon as Sam found it out he got out the biggest posters to be had for love or money, saying we would appear on the stage that night, although we were both too disabled by the severe shock we had received to take any further part in the performances. We went, and when the curtain rose at the end of the last act, and we were bowing, one on each side of Sam, you never heard such a perfectly terrible commotion in your life; and the next instant a party of gentlemen rustled out of a box, headed by the mayor of the town, and advancing to the stage, made a long address. I didn't take in what it was about, but at last it dawned upon my feeble intelligence that the mayor was commending my bravery for rescuing my comrade by tying him to the trapeze, and presenting me with a magnificent gold watch and chain. Of course I couldn't say a word, but Sam Stacker returned thanks for me. He said it was the greatest occasion of his life, and I believe it was. He spoke three-quarters of an hour, waving his arms up and down like a Dutch windmill. It makes my head swim now to think about that speech. After it was all over I took Sam aside.

"Sam," says I, "don't you know if I hadn't tied Ted to the trapeze he'd have fallen and dragged the valve open, and we'd both have been killed?"

"D'ye think I'm a durned fool?" said Sam, quite fiercely. "Certainly I know it, but I ain't a-going to tell them blooming idiots and dunderheads yonder." These were the gentlemen whom Sam had just been apostrophizing as the noblest examples of human virtues he had ever yet come across during a long experience with the greatest show on earth.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. The Valbella Brothers partnership was dissolved, but I staid on with Sam, and am at present part proprietor of the show.

I forgot to say that Jennie and I were married just before the performance that Christmas night.

M. Elliot Seawell.

FLOWN BIRDS.

They will remember, the shy singing birds
That left us yesterday on noiseless wing,
To find in some fair land the vanished spring
Again. Think not that fond remembrance girds
Alone thy heart: some morning, when our days
Shall touch the year's sweet lilac-time,
And through the purple plumes resonant rhyme
Of bees falls softly to the greening ways,
The wee deserted nest all winter-blown
Shall quicken into glad-voiced life, and know
The stir of unfledged birds; once more the low
Sweet brooding-song shall waver down; the flown
Bird will remember the frail-shapen thing,
And thither turn at nesting-time its wing.

Lucy E. Tilley.

CHINESE ARTISANS IN NEW YORK.

Comparatively few of the Chinese mechanical trades are represented in the little colony of 8000 men in New York. The reason doubtless is that the Mongolian can earn more money working for the Melican man than he could by working for his compatriots, and so is forced to do what he can easily afford to do, *i. e.*, import such goods as he needs from China. No artisan from China will work for less money than he can make, and so, one and all, they seek other employments than those they would naturally follow at home. Not quite all, though, for some certain products are demanded by their customs which cannot be procured here ready-made, and which cannot readily be imported, and the demand brings a limited supply of Chinese artisans here.

Among these it is quite fair to reckon the scribe, since much of his work is mechanical, though he is counted a professional man at home, and enjoys a high social position. He is, by our reckoning, something of a copyist, a lawyer, a job-printer, and a designer. As the Chinese language contains some 140,000 characters, there is very little use made of the printing-press in the Flowery Empire, despite the fact that it has been used there for 2000 years. There are less than two hundred printing-offices in China, but in each one there is a working font of some 25,000 types. Each compositor has under him a number of boys or apprentices, who act as his assistants, each one having a department in charge in which are so many thousand of these type. As the compositor works he calls out from his manuscript the name of each type as he wants it, and the apprentice in charge of the department containing that particular type pulls it and runs forward with it. As a necessary consequence the operation of printing is somewhat slow, and therefore expensive.

For all ordinary work the Chinese scribe takes the place of the job-printer. He must have a fine education, a knowledge of drawing, and some elementary knowledge of geometry. This last comes in play in designing and drawing the geometrical ornamentation he uses on the borders of his work. Among his duties are the writing or drawing of visiting cards and business cards, the drawing of original copies for lithographic work, the writing of official proclamations, and in general producing the work we expect from our job-printer. He also prepares drawings for the wood-carver and the sign-board maker. For example, where a decoration is to be made for fine cabinet-work, or a quotation from the poets is to be carved in large letters on a wooden board, he first draws the design on fine prepared paper, which is pasted on the surface of the wood. The carver then follows the outlines on the paper in cutting into the wood. For the representations of such reliefs as masses of foliage, dragons, animals, and fairies he prepares a number of designs, each one of which represents the outline of the figures at a different depth of the carving.

The scribe also draws up papers of various kinds which in our civilization would be prepared by a lawyer or a notary-public. His tools are very simple, comprising only brushes, colors, and paper. The colors he uses are, in the order of their importance, black, which he produces with an ink similar to what we call India-ink; gold, which is laid on as we do it, with a sizing first and gold-leaf laid on afterward; vermilion, which he has in a Chinese ink; and white paint. His brushes have always a slender bamboo handle, and the bristles are much stiffer than those used by our water-color artists, and more elastic and shorter than those used in oil-painting. They are always conical in shape, the bristles being sharpened to a fine point. Most of the bristles used come from the domestic hog, but horse-tail hair and other substitutes are sometimes used. Although the scribe is always supplied with an eraser, he is so skilful that no American observer has ever detected the use of it.

White paper is seldom used in Chinese work. Visiting cards, business cards, prayer cards, bulletins, and proclamations are almost always written on vermilion or scarlet paper. Governmental papers, especially those relating to crimes, cases of capital punishment in particular, are written on pale-colored paper and signed with vermilion ink. From this fact arises a curious saying, "He has received a notice written with a vermilion pencil," meaning, "He has his death-warrant." Large hangers and banners on which are painted quotations from the poets, and which are hung on Chinese walls, are usually made of vermilion or scarlet, though there is considerable variety in these.

There are in New York some ten professional scribes, but only three of them are considered artists. They make handsome incomes, averaging probably ten dollars a day for their pay, and their social standing is, as it is at home, very high.

The trade of wood-carving is no longer a strange one here, since the establishment of technical schools in New York and Boston, and especially Cincinnati. The Chinese wood-carver undergoes the same training as the American, but a much longer one, and his work finds a more general demand, for the Chinaman has a strong love for artistic carving. Those he produces in ivory, ebony, and boxwood are world-famous. The wealthy Chinaman thinks as much of having handsome specimens of this art in his bedstead and bureau and other household furniture as the wealthy American does of having costly and artistic ornaments for his drawing-room. Perhaps it is partly on this account that the wood-carver is very often also a joiner and cabinet-maker. He works without nails, fitting and fastening his pieces together by ingenious dovetailing, and producing finer work than is known in the Western markets. In carving, his system is very simple. He first makes, or in cases of elaborate designs he procures from the scribe, as explained above, a series of outline drawings, which he pastes on the wood, and then cuts through them into the wood. He uses the paper stencil far more than his Caucasian fellow-tradesman, and in fact seldom or never works without it. One ingenious instrument he has is much superior to the callipers of the Italian marble-cutter, and has lately been reproduced in this country in the form of Thurber's caligraph, and the still more recent pantagraph, though it has been in common use in China for many centuries. With the three legs of this tool the Chinaman can easily and quickly duplicate, enlarge, or reduce any design he chooses.

The carvers are very unhealthy, more on account of the stuffy little rooms they work in and their indulgence in opium than because of any unwholesomeness in their trade. Their pay here is good, but not large. They are regarded as skilled mechanics, excepting in those cases in which they devote months and years to the elaboration of some special object. Then they rank as artists. Their tools are all worked by hand, not by machine. There is very little room for original designing in their work, since about five hundred recognized symbols and something like a thousand conventional forms circumscribe the artistic limits of the trade. The wood-carver is apt to be in this country and every other foreign land nomadic in his habits, as, owing to the small demand for his work, he travels almost constantly, and seldom has a fixed residence. His work is found in household decorations, the ornamentation of churches, halls, society rooms, and sometimes, but not often, in business places. It is also in considerable demand for sign-boards.

There are in China several adages which correspond to our "Nine tailors make a man," "Seven tailors of Tooley Street," and the like. There being no such thing as change of fashion known in China, the same garments being worn now as 2000 years ago, and all garments being worn loose, cutting and fitting are almost unknown terms there. The measure of the tailor's ability is simply good sewing. In China he uses the Chinese needle, which is hand-made and is a trifle stronger and better tempered than the machine-made needle of the West. He uses also Chinese threads of strong silk, equal if not superior to any made in Europe. In this country, however, he uses the tools which he procures here. He sits cross-legged on a table, like a Christian tailor, stoops over his work, and takes vast quantities of snuff.

Tailoring is called a woman's trade in China, and a vast majority of the swarming millions in that country have their clothing made by the women of their families. Even in this country the tailor makes poor pay, and does far more repairing than anything else. The trade is to some extent a hereditary one, and those following it are usually of small intellect. There are not more than four or five of them in New York.

Nearly all Chinamen who wear the shoes they have been accustomed to at home import them from Quang-Tung. These shoes are remarkably durable, one pair lasting with ordinary use several years. Almost every Chinaman, no matter how poor he may be, owns at least four pairs of different kinds. Their house shoes or slippers are made with uppers of woven split bamboo, which, in spite of its fragile appearance, wears like iron. The soles are made of the same material woven thicker, or of a compact, waterproof felt, or of both together. The slippers, like the out-door shoes, are ornamented by having the soles edged with white kid or sheepskin. The out-door shoes for warm weather have uppers like the slippers, or sometimes of woven cotton or woollen fabric, but the soles are heavier and thicker, being sometimes an inch thick. In some cases this sole is of wood, cork, or leather. The upper is almost invariably black, and those for state occasions have sometimes silk or satin uppers.

The cold-weather shoe is the same as that worn in hot weather, excepting that it has a lining of felt, flannel, or sheepskin. There are other shoes designed for use in wet weather. Of these the uppers as well as the trimmings are made water-proof like the soles. Dress shoes, worn especially at the New-Year season, are trimmed and soled with white kid, while the uppers are made of black or brilliant colored silks.

The shoemaker ranks little above the tailor, if at all, and his pay is about the same. Most of the work he does is sewing, the use of pegs or nails being almost unknown. In sewing, the familiar waxed thread is employed, but the material of the thread has greater variety than in the American shoemaker's shop. It is either of silk, wool, linen, cotton, or hemp, and gut is also used in some work.

There are no laundry-men in China. No linen is worn there. The rich use silken and woollen under-garments, and the poor wear woollen or cotton. As starching and ironing are unknown, the female servants do all the laundry-work. The reason of the great numbers of laundry-men here is that when the Union Pacific Railroad threw many hundreds of Chinamen out of employment they cast about for something to do, and as there was great demand for washer-women and a scant supply of them in the West, the Mongolian turned his attention to her trade. He learned it quickly, and so well that he stuck to it, and made so much money that the calling soon became popular. Gradually the laundry-men came East, and now no city and few villages of any size in the whole country are without a Chinese "laundly."

There is one metal smith in New York. In China his trade is very powerful and influential, wrought metal being a favorite decoration for houses, altars in the churches, town-halls, assembly-rooms, and business places of the richer kind. The metals used are brass, white bronze, which closely resembles Britannia-ware, gold bronze, ordinary bronze, and silver. The work of the Chinese metal smith is greatly superior to that of our own in variety, originality of design, and in artistic finish.

The smith turns out bowls, vases, urns, pitchers, ewers, basins, cup standards, pipes and other smoking utensils, salvers, lamps, candelabra, lanterns, bedsteads, chairs, tables, church furniture, and numerous other articles, all of substantial workmanship and standard material.

The metal smith makes good wages and has a good social position in China, but the industry is not a healthy one, the Chinese not understanding the physiological action of metallic oxides on the system, and not knowing how to prevent or remedy the injuries they suffer.

The Chinese system of casting is very similar to ours, but in cleaning and polishing they use no chemical agents, relying almost entirely on manual labor and the use of lathes fitted up with polishing brushes. They understand oxidization, and produce malachite and azurite effects, and the like, very effectively. They secure these, not by the direct action of acids and acid vapor baths, but by burying the object to be treated in various kinds of decomposing organic matter. This is, of course, a slow and expensive process.

In one respect the work of the Chinese smith is peculiar. The soldiers in many parts of the Chinese Empire still wear fine mail armor, helmets, breastplates, and shields, and the same articles are worn by the participants in civic processions and official pageants. As a consequence, such armor is still made, and the armorer occupies in China about the same position that he did in Europe in mediæval times. A suit of brass armor worn by one of the Black Flag leaders in the Tonquin war is said to have successfully resisted bullets, and to have broken a bayonet thrust delivered by a powerful French marine.

One fact common to all the trades in China is well worth a notice. While there are quasi trade organizations among the workers in all of them, they have nothing approaching the trades-union in our sense of the word. There are no strikes or lockouts in China. The usual effects of competition are absolutely set at naught by a sort of tacit agreement which has the sanction of the custom of many generations, and which no Chinaman thinks of violating. By virtue of this the artisan never asks or accepts more or less than a certain fixed sum for specific work, and so far as the records and the traditions of the people go, the social status, the income, and the industrial condition of Chinese artisans of all classes have remained unchanged for many centuries.

Fales-Curtis.